## HELL IN HOT SPRINGS

A STORY OF ONE TOWN'S CORRUPTION, TAKEN FROM THE G-MEN'S FILES

JULY 22,
1939

# Liberty

5¢

## WHEN IS A PRESIDENT DISABLED?

## BOOTLEG TENNIS by ELEANOR TENNANT

# CRISP to the last spoonful!

LISTEN, DADDY, HEAR THAT FUNNY LITTLE SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!
YES, JANE, THAT'S RICE KRISPIES' WAY OF TELLING HOW CRISP AND FRESH THEY ARE!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

## Delicious . . . totally different! They stay crunchy in milk or cream.

● Here's a cereal that can put an edge on the laziest breakfast appetite. Youngsters, grown-ups and in-betweens are all applauding Kellogg's Rice Krispies!

It's because of the rich, persuasive flavor that is packed into every golden-brown atom of them. It's because of the way Rice Krispies can ride a sea of milk or cream . . . and still stay crunchy-crisp to the *last* spoonful.

Different? Yes, Rice Krispies are *really* different. Mouth-watering . . . tempting. For they're made in an entirely different way. *Not* flaked . . . *not* shredded. They're created by "oven-popping" (a Kellogg patented process!) and then toasting premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice.

The lasting crispness of this famous cereal is protected by Kellogg's new KEL-LINER, the only inner-wrap completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom. For a breakfast that "rings the bell" with all the family, order delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies from your grocer today!

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
FLAVORED WITH MALT SUGAR AND SALT
snap crackle pop
So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM
TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Make this simple test-
2 hours in milk-
Still Floating!
HERE'S PROOF OF RICE KRISPIES' EXTRA GOODNESS!

Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company

**NOT FLAKED! NOT SHREDDED! They're "oven-popped" by Kellogg's Patented Process.** Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form . . . utterly distinct from every other breakfast cereal. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813.

# There *is* a Spirit of '39 and it's *not* DEFEATISM

*"The Declaration of Independence was ink and paper."*

## *Discouragement . . . disillusionment . . . disintegration . . .* they're in the air

HAVE you sensed the loss of guts—the weakening of moral force and purpose—the faltering pride in being AMERICAN?

**HAVE YOU FELT IT, TOO?**

Have you resented it? Have you HATED it? Have you wondered why "somebody" didn't bring back the lost leadership—the spunk—the fight—the SPIRIT THAT MADE AMERICA . . . *now, in 1939?*

Have you wanted—have you really *longed* to salute your flag and shout "That's *mine!* That's Old Glory—God bless 'er—she's flying again!"

★ ★ ★

FRIEND—FELLOW AMERICAN—you've overlooked something.

There IS a rallying point for America—America who wants to be proud of herself—America who IS proud.

Millions like yourself have found it—ARE rallying.

**IT'S *LIBERTY*. THE MAGAZINE.**

*Ink and paper, yes. A rallying point?*

Don't laugh. The Declaration of Independence—the Constitution—the Emancipation Proclamation—were ink and paper.

The American Flag is dyed bunting.

America itself is—first of all—the minds of its men and women.

*Not* plains and mountains and forests and mines and harbors, but—first of all—MIND.

That is all that has weakened—the aggregate MIND of America—the aggregate WILL—the aggregate SPIRIT. As Fulton Oursler, Editor of Liberty, remarked in a recent issue, **"Nothing can destroy Americanism except a lack of good citizenship."**

Ink and paper, through the impact of ideas that build instead of sabotage—that *ring* instead of whine—can recharge this MIND, restore this SPIRIT.

★ ★ ★

**Ink and paper are doing it. LIBERTY is doing it—for the mind and spirit of the 2,500,000 families who read it regularly.**

give me
**Liberty**

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JULY 22, 1939

# Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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# WILL THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE SURVIVE?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The life of nations can to a certain extent be compared to those of individuals.

They pass through infancy, untrammeled youth, arrive at the pristine heights of maturity; and then comes middle age in which they rest on their laurels . . . live off their previous achievements . . . dream of past glories . . . and then gradually fade into oblivion.

We read of the fame of ancient Egypt, at one time the ruler of the world . . . the glamour and glory of ancient Greece . . . then Rome in all its splendor came into power, followed by Spain—Queen Isabella—Columbus, who is credited with discovering the land we now possess.

With the decline of Spain, England became a world Power which no great nation dared to question until the World War.

But the glory of England is now apparently on the wane. She has to appeal for support from other nations to protect her interests. That country is no longer the mighty Power that every one feared. Even the support of her colonies is said to be questionable if she should face another world war.

The birth rate of our own country is rapidly declining, and that is a barometer that usually clearly indicates the vitality of a nation. The ability to perpetuate the race proves ability to survive.

The competition between the nations of the world may be measured to a certain extent by military preparedness; but it is the men (and the women) behind the guns that count in the end. It is the vitality of the race that develops and perpetuates a powerful nation.

Germany had practically won the war before the United States entered that terrible conflict, and the population of the various countries that she was fighting was four times greater than her own. When the United States entered the war it was six times greater than Germany's.

But it is man power that gives Germany her extraordinary military efficiency. In that country they begin to train the boys—and the girls—at about the age of six.

The idea prevails in democracies, especially this country, that hard work should always be performed by the male sex. Women should be shielded and coddled. The age of chivalry is in the past, but the influence of that attitude toward femininity is still with us. The women are looked upon as the weaker sex, and masculinity makes every effort to protect them from arduous duties.

The situation is quite the reverse with many European countries. There the women work in the field along with the men. They are accustomed to hard labor . . . their bodies are nearly as firm and strong as their masculine brothers', and it is women of this kind that are mothering the races that now menace the English-speaking democracies.

And within the countries that now threaten us with aggression food comes more directly from the soil . . . they are not devitalized by delicatessen products that in many cases have gone through an emasculating preservation process.

The more nearly we can be nourished by food directly from the soil, the hardier and more vigorous we become.

And there is prudery. The English-speaking race in bygone years had sunk in the mire of prudery to such an extent that even to mention in polite society anything associated with pregnancy was considered shocking.

In the past we have lived in a state of the vilest kind of hypocrisy in everything associated with the sources of human life . . . even the contour of the body was supposed to be obscene. The human organism, supposed to be made in God's image, was vulgarized and desecrated everywhere.

The most devastating of all diseases, the venereal taint, was hidden and unrestrained and allowed to seek its victims by the millions. Thank God and the present administration that this gigantic evil is now being effectively attacked.

If the English-speaking race is to survive with the high ideals and humanitarian principles that we have tried to maintain, we must acquire the intelligence necessary to train our boys and girls on a par with the dictators, who begin with their citizens almost from babyhood.

Bernarr Macfadden

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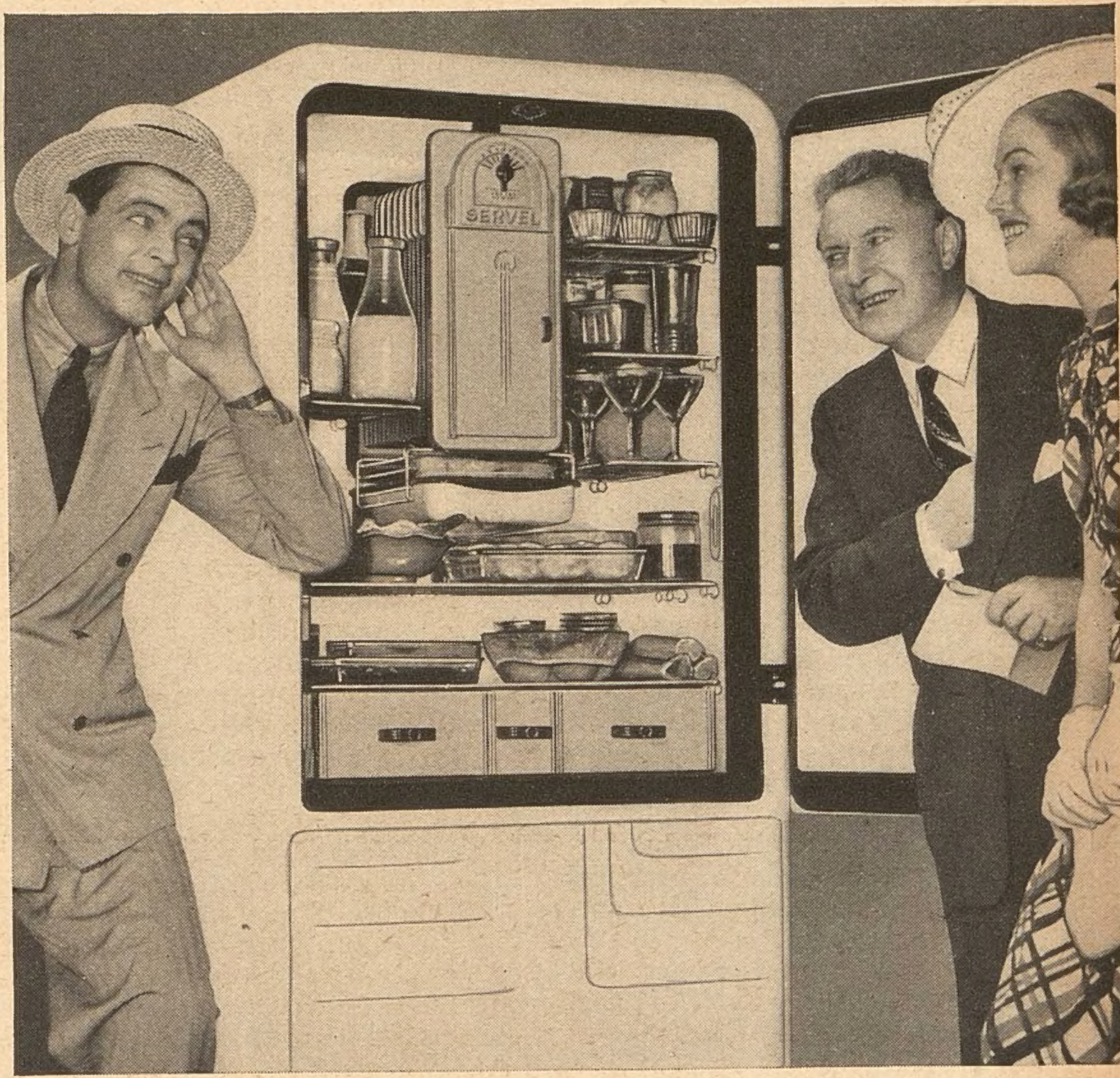
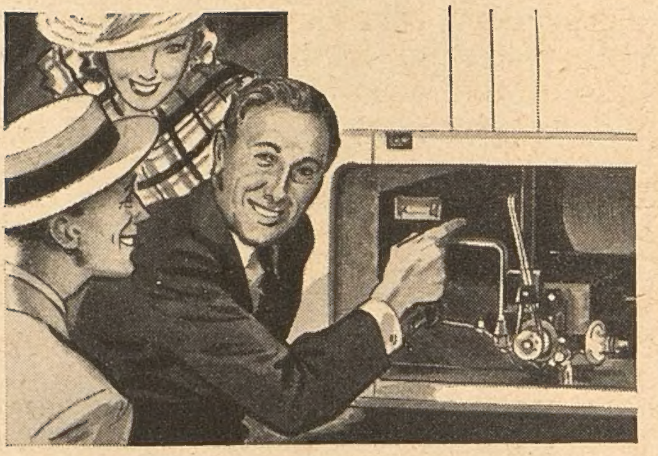
# Silence Wins Consent !

"No new refrigerator *this* year!" declared Bill. But here's how Mary got her way because Servel freezes silently with **NO MOVING PARTS**

**1 I'LL ADMIT I HAD TO COAX** to get Bill "just to look at" a new refrigerator this season! "We *have* a refrigerator," he protested, "even if it *is* as noisy as Sam Hill. Besides, they're all alike anyhow!" "Not this one *isn't*," I said. "Servel never speaks up. Come on in."





**2 "NOTHING IN THERE TO WEAR** or cause noise," explained the salesman who showed us how Servel works. "That's the beauty of it. This tiny gas flame takes the place of moving parts in the freezing system. Servel simply *has* to be silent. Just listen to it!"

**3 "YOU'RE RIGHT—I CAN'T HEAR A THING!"** agreed Bill, reluctantly. Then he grinned. "Guess I didn't know as much about refrigerators as I thought I did. Servel certainly *is* different!" "Yes," said our salesman, "and you'll find this *difference* saves you money, too! No moving, wearing parts keeps operating cost and upkeep *always* low!"

**4 LUCKY FOR ME** I took Bill to see a Servel . . . instead of some other kind! Servel's silence won him, as it had already won me. And who could resist a beautiful new refrigerator—with all the latest gadgets—that actually saves enough to pay for itself!

* * *

Mary and Bill are typical of the thousands who every year are replacing other-type refrigerators with Servel! Today, more than a million families are enjoying the silence and savings of the only "automatic" that freezes with no moving parts.

See Servel Electrolux—at your gas company or neighborhood dealer's showrooms. Learn the whole story. And remember, your own gas company offers prompt service facilities for every Servel it installs.

*For Suburban and Rural Homes, Models Run On*

**BOTTLED GAS, TANK GAS OR KEROSENE**

*Write for complete details to*

SERVEL, INC., EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

**FAMILIES WITH OTHER-TYPE REFRIGERATORS ARE CHANGING . . .**

*to the refrigerator you hear about—but never hear!*

"It certainly was a relief to get a refrigerator that was really silent. That was one of the things that counted most in our choice of Servel. We've also found that it keeps food longer."—*Mrs. W. J. Cossart, 111 Stoughton St., Dorchester, Mass.*

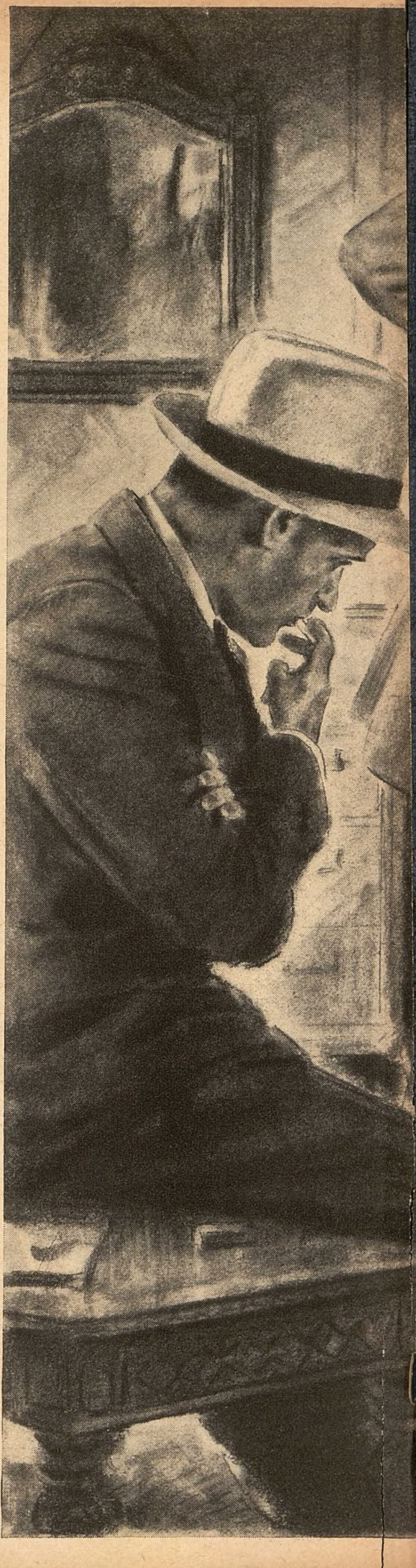
*The*
**SERVEL**
**ELECTROLUX**
*Gas Refrigerator*

**See Servel's "Magic Caves of Ice" at New York World's Fair—See Servel at the Gas Industry Exhibit at the Golden Gate International Exposition**

# HELL IN HOT SPRINGS

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

## PART ONE—THE G-MEN ENTER



A SPA, as you doubtless know, is a place where people go who can afford to be sick in a fashionable manner. Usually they arrange to have their maladies reach a crisis in the spring, when they "boil out" after a hard winter, and again in the fall, when they "boil out" in preparation for another. The game is called "taking a cure."

Until comparatively recently the pastime was confined chiefly to European watering places. Ponce de Leon's failure to find the Fountain of Youth on these shores had apparently given the curative value of American spring water an undeservedly bad name. But nowadays our native boiling-out stations are numerous.

In California, high above the gold-green splendor of the San Bernardino Valley, we find lovely Arrowhead, with its lake in the skies and its heaven-set background on which to paint the picture of health; in Virginia, the eastern Hot Springs, a flame of azaleas and rhododendrons in the spring, a smoldering fire of foliage in the fall; in West Virginia, standing in stately elegance on the southern slope of the Greenbrier Mountains, that noble hostelry which is White Sulphur; in Indiana, French Lick, hill-encircled like White Sulphur and quite as delightfully sulphuric; and in New York, gracious, green-lawned Saratoga, where the horses run even faster than the waters. But Hot Springs, Arkansas, if you come upon it at the twilight hour — as I did some six years ago—outparadises them all.

Enshrined in a Cartier setting of emerald hillsides and sapphire lakes, it is the Kohinoor of American spas.

Here, I said to myself, in nature's jewel case is my long sought gem of purest ray, my Nirvana, my Valhalla. Here in Arkansas is Arcady. But I was never so wrong in my life. Where nature intended that there should be beauty and health, I found ugliness and decay.

"Whosoever . . . stepped in [the water] was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." That was what the Bible said, and that was what Hot Springs said, too; for so it was written over the portico of that famous thermal establishment on Bathhouse Row. But Hot Springs, which had cured others, could not cure itself. For a decade and a half it was the wickedest city in the United States.

It was obvious on the day of my arrival in June, 1933—for special reasons which will be told in their proper place — that there existed in Hot Springs an unholy alliance between the upper and the under worlds. It was obvious, too, that the chief of detectives of the Hot Springs Police Department, although not the only Hot Springs official who was a party to this unholy alliance, was the contact man, perhaps the key man, in it.

And what sort of chap was this chief of detectives, regarded throughout the Southwest as a super-sleuth but actually the secret ally of murderers and thieves?

Well, if you had stood with me that summer's evening on Bathhouse Row you would have noticed a gaunt man in his late thirties—but who looked as if he were in his late forties—weaving in and out among the gay crowds. You would have seen him peering into passing faces out of shrewd slits of eyes shadowed by heavy tiptilted brows, and stopping now and then to squint suspiciously at an out-of-state license plate on a parked car.

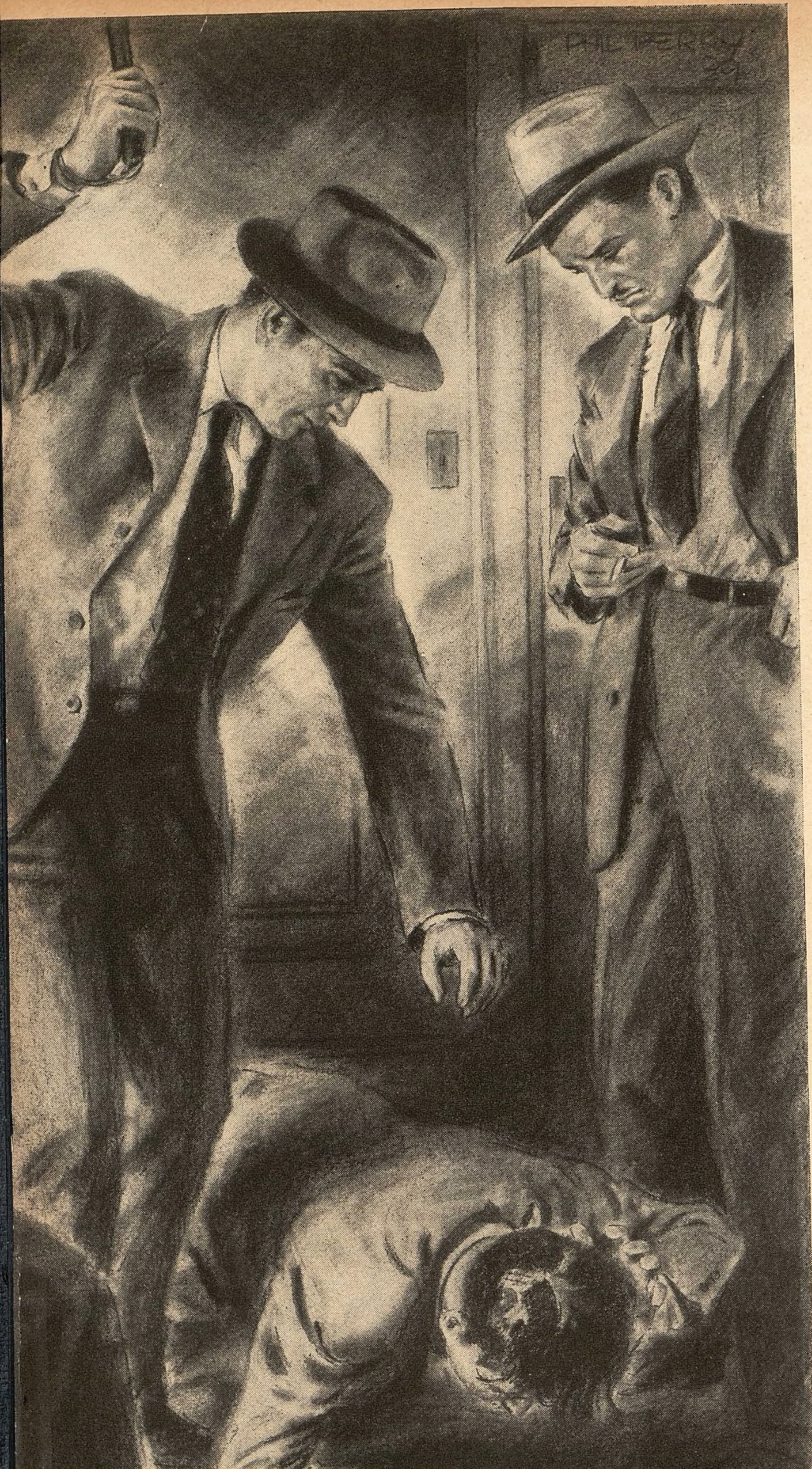
He was not a pretty man. His long nose drooped until the sharp point was almost level with the tight, thin lips. His Adam's apple distended his long neck. The stoop in his shoulders amounted almost to a hunch. His height, six feet four, was accentuated by his thinness, distorted by his stoop. His gait was a slow-motion lope which made him look like an elongated and emaciated caterpillar upended and about to go into his bend, a caterpillar with the eyes of an owl and the hind legs of a camel.

If you had asked any white man in western Arkansas to identify this strange creature for you, he would have said:

"That's Dutch."

But, by whatever name you called him, the rose which was Chief Akers did not smell too sweet.

There was, for example, the little matter of selling diamonds to prostitutes and keepers of disorderly houses, who found it much more advisable to deal with Akers than with the regular jewelry houses. But more serious was his traffic in firearms, in which he was joined by many other members of the Hot Springs Police Department, including his superior officer, Chief of Police Joe Wakelin himself.



A third man entered the room and knocked him on the head. Then the three took his money and left him.

# Exposing the unholy alliance between law and lawlessness in a quiet Southern resort

## BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

The spectacle of officers of the law selling and bartering the very firearms used by society to protect itself against its enemies would be almost unbelievable if it were not for the fact that so many more unbelievable things in this bizarre situation were found to be true.

Another petty racket worked by Akers was to have a thief steal a particular car and hide it out until a reward was offered, then get the thief to place the car back on the streets, where he, Akers, would pick it up, turn it in, get the reward, and split it with the thief.

During the racing season each year in Hot Springs, Akers made up to criminals, racketeers, confidence men, and bookies; and any of the above-named type of gangsters who failed to pay off were immediately thrown in jail. Frequently, after arresting a man, he would search him, ascertain the amount of cash on his person, throw the man in jail, then call a lawyer friend and advise him of the amount of cash the prisoner possessed.

The lawyer would then charge the man the total amount of his cash as a fee and get him out of jail, then split with Akers.

That Dutch Akers' traffic with women did not end with selling diamonds to them is indicated by the testimony, before a legislative investigating committee, of three youthful prostitutes—all of whom claim to have been first criminally assaulted by members of the Hot Springs Police Department, in two instances by Akers himself.

The youngest, whom we will call Tessie, testified that when she was fifteen years old and was working as housekeeper, she went into town on Thanksgiving Day, and on the way to the trolley line Dutch Akers stopped in his car and suggested she ride downtown with him, which she did.

Akers asked her whether she had ever seen how the police fingerprinted people and took their pictures, and when she told him she had not, he took her up to a room in the police station, and locked the door so she could not get out.

Tessie further testified that on another occasion she went downtown to Hot Springs, and again ran into Akers, who told her that if he caught her in town again he would lock her up.

Another young girl we will call Gwen, said that Dutch Akers was the first member of the Hot Springs Police Department to mistreat her.

She also testified that on another occasion at the Hot Springs city jail she was whipped so hard with a switch that it left marks on her. She stated that on still another occasion a high-ranking officer hit her with a blackjack three times, and finally that another officer slapped her and knocked her down several times.

A third girl witness testified that she had not only been whipped by Akers' colleague, Cecil Brock, but that he twisted her thumbs back until he nearly broke them, and kept her under two powerful heat lights so long that her head hurt for a week.

From these instances and others, to which witnesses swore before this same legislative committee and some also at the subsequent trial of Akers, Wakelin, and Brock, it will be clear that the man called " Dutch " was not the only Hot Springs official who profited, either in cash or in barter, by the office which he held. According to Akers himself, who was later quite frank in acknowledging his participation in official corruption, he was not by any means the principal one.

" When I received a proposition to go with the Hot Springs Police Department," he is quoted as saying, " I decided to steal with the rest of them. I wasn't able to align myself for a ' cut in ' on the large money from the gamblers. So I made mine from various other sources. When it was necessary to go out and collect any money, Joe Wakelin, the chief of police, usually sat in the police station twiddling his thumbs while I went out to get the money, and when I came back, of course we divided it between us."

In short, Akers maintains that he was only the " bag man "—and it must be said that a good deal of evidence has been uncovered to substantiate that claim. For example, the testimony before the legislative committee of Mr. Samuel Yudin, a thoroughly reputable visitor to Hot Springs who was euchred out of his life savings of $20,000, with the connivance, he believes, of some of the officials in the Hot Springs city government and at least one of the town's leading citizens.

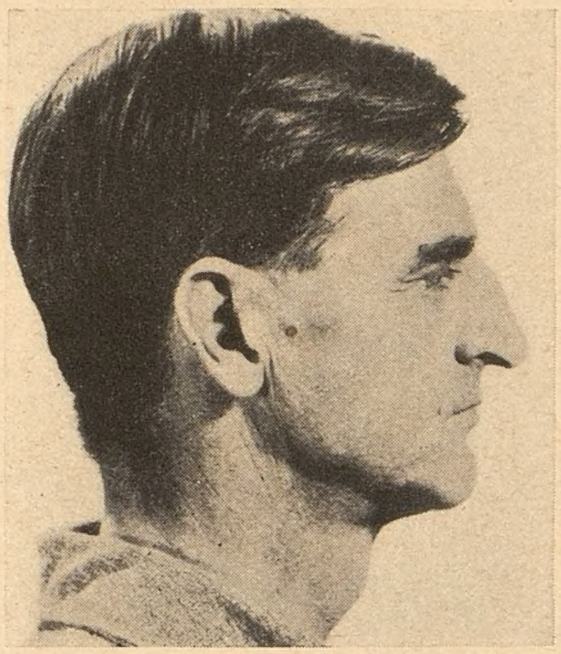
For several years, he stated, he had stayed at the nationally famous Arlington Hotel each season when he brought his invalid daughter to Hot Springs to take the baths.

During the course of these visits he got to know a local businessman, who suggested that he move over to his hostelry because it would be a less expensive place in which to stay. Mr. Yudin did this, and in the course of time became very clubby with his new friend, whom he considered a " swell fellow." The latter we will call Harry, although that was not his real name.

" Harry," Mr. Yudin confided to his host one day, " my girl has no home and I have no home. I would like to have my own property in Hot Springs, so the child can have an income after I'm gone. She's totally disabled for life, you know, and she's sixteen. I have worked all of my life and have saved up some money, and I have bought $20,000 worth of government bonds."

Harry advised his friend that he would help him invest his money, and a few days later introduced him to a confidence man, posing as a retired tailor from Chicago, who, according to friend Harry, knew two men who needed about $20,000 in their business.

Accordingly at his host's suggestion, Mr. Yudin sent his bonds up to be cashed in Tucson, Arizona, the $20,000 in cash to be sent to him at a bank in Hot Springs.

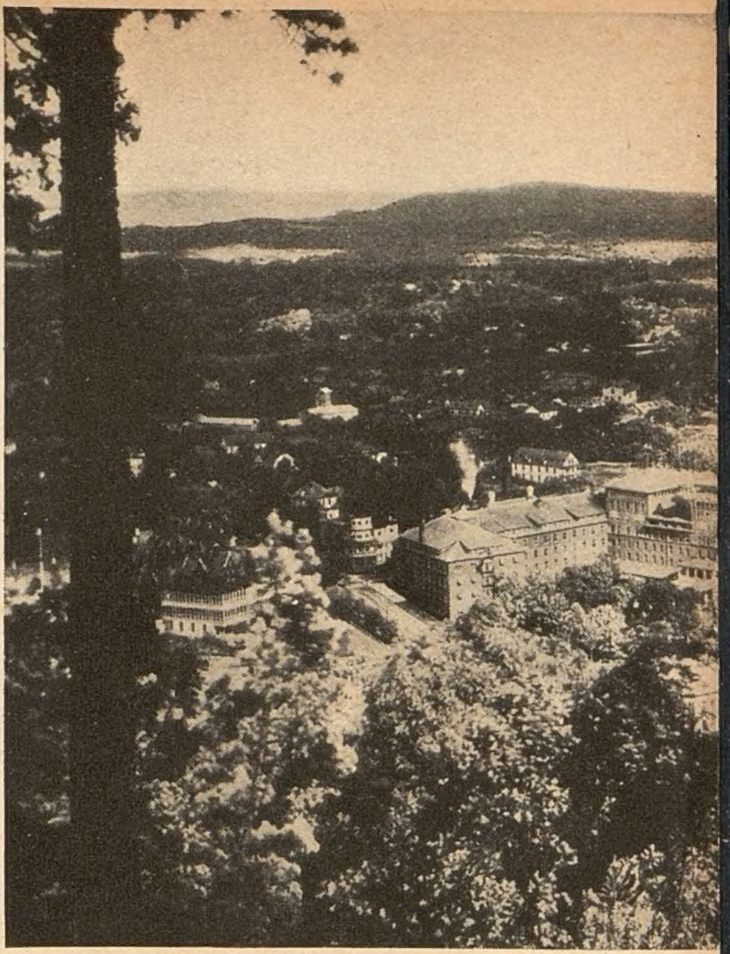


" Dutch " Akers was chief of detectives in the Hot Springs Police Department.

Accompanied by the con man, who had now been joined by another notorious crook, Mr. Yudin went to the bank and got the money. Then, being a business man, he told his companions that he wished to consult his lawyer. They readily agreed, or seemed to—but it was only seeming.

" All of a sudden," said Mr. Yudin, " they got excited and said, ' Just a minute. We've got to go in here,' and took me into . . . whatever it is next to the bank. They all went in, and after I went in, they shoved me into the elevator and then some way they took me upstairs. . . . I wanted to jump out of the window, for I couldn't run out of the place. They offered me a drink and they must have put some knockout drops in it."

Mr. Yudin then testified that after they had administered the knockout drops they put him into a car and took him to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, and took him to a hotel. He still had the $20,000 pinned in his pocket, with the original post-office stamp on it and the seal as yet unbroken. Presently a third man entered the room, knocked him on the head, and nearly beat him to death. Then the three of them took his money and left him on the floor.

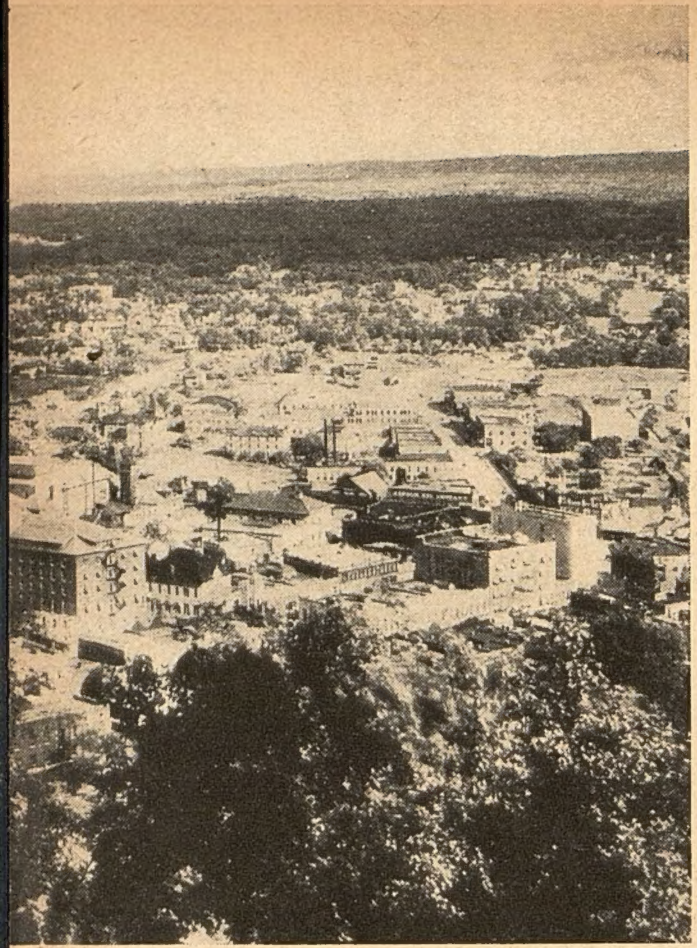


Hot Springs, where " every prospect plea

Yudin stated that he went to numerous persons, including his genial friend Harry, and told them what had happened, but that they all told him they could do nothing toward helping him. He also testified that he learned that Dutch Akers had told a Hot Springs man that he, Akers, got $1,000 of that money, that the hotel man got $2,000, that half of the money was divided among the city officials of Hot Springs, and that the brother of one of the officials was the man who gave him the blow on the head in the hotel.

The flagrant lawlessness of the Hot Springs regime reached a climax, so far as its strictly local offenses went, in a series of events which led to the indictment of seven members of the Police Department for the murder of John Dickson, a prisoner in their care.

There *were* some crimes that the Hot Springs officials did prosecute. Let a safe in a gambling house be jimmied open, and the whole police force would be in hot pursuit. It was such crimes, the burglarizing of the Blue Ribbon Club and the Ohio Club, which brought Chief of Police Wakelin himself and some of his men to the Dickson farm near Perryville, Arkansas, to which an automobile believed to be that of the burglars had been traced. And while the chief was examining the car he was approached



d only man is (or in some cases was) vile."

by three men who hit him over the head with the butts of their guns and took away from him two revolvers and a .351 rifle.

John Dickson, the owner of the farm, was subsequently taken into custody and lodged in the Hot Springs city jail. A few minutes after his arrival our old friend Cecil Brock, now a detective lieutenant, telephoned a fellow officer in another city that they had not yet given Dickson a "work-over," but that they were about to do so. Eight hours later another police officer is reported to have called Chief Wakelin and reported that Dickson was in very bad shape and needed a doctor immediately.

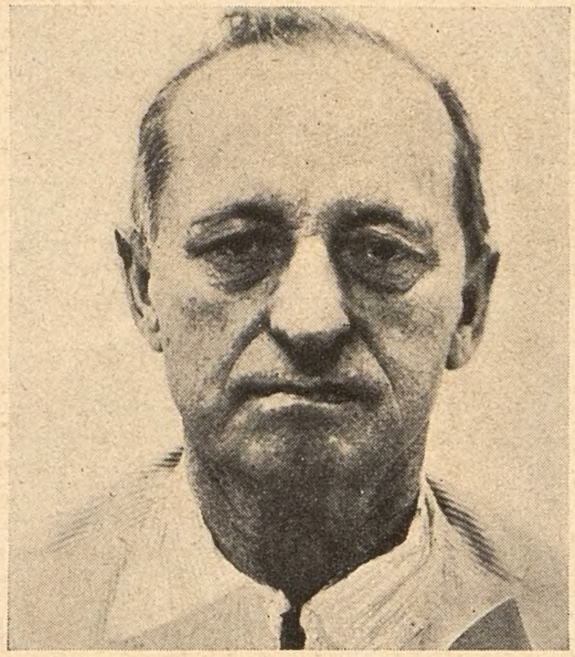
Four days later another high-ranking police official telephoned a mortuary establishment in Hot Springs and stated that he would call again in a short time, and that when he made this second call he wanted the person with whom he was talking to get in a car and drive to the back door of the city jail immediately, as he wanted to take a man to the hospital and did not want any one to see him being taken away. He cautioned the mortuary attendant to say nothing about the matter. A few minutes later the same official called a doctor connected with the city administration and asked him to come to the jail as soon as possible. Then he again called the mortuary, giving even more complete instructions as to where the car should be parked so that no one could see the person being taken out of the jail.

The final scene in this drama of viciousness and brutality was played six days later in the hospital to which John Dickson's bleeding body was taken.

The next day, December 27, 1936, several telephone calls were exchanged between Dutch Akers and others in an effort to forestall an inquest in the John Dickson murder. The inquest had been demanded by the elder Mr. Dickson, who charged openly that his son had been murdered by police officers in the Hot Springs city jail. But Akers and his crowd seem to have had more influence than the murdered boy's father. On the morning of December 29, 1936, the Arkansas Gazette of Little Rock stated that the political machine of Hot Springs and Garland County had apparently succeeded in averting any reinvestigation of the death of John Dickson.

But the righteous wrath of the good people in Hot Springs, long dormant in the face of rumors and suspicions, had been stirred by this overt act.

On the day following the appearance of the Little Rock article, an editorial appeared on the front page of a Hot Springs newspaper captioned DICKSON'S DEATH DEMANDS AND MUST RECEIVE AN IMMEDIATE AND FULL INVESTIGATION. On January 4, 1937, a Special Grand Jury at Hot Springs returned an indictment charging second-degree murder and named as defendants Cecil Brock and six other policemen.



**Joe Wakelin was Hot Springs' Chief of Police, given to twiddling his thumbs.**

Even so, the officers indicated that they were not very much concerned over their predicament. On one occasion Cecil Brock was overheard to say to his wife, "Don't worry—everything is being taken care of. It is just a political argument down here—don't worry. There were about one hundred people wanting to sign our bonds." When they were tried in a Hot Springs court on this charge of second-degree murder, they were promptly acquitted.

The individual policemen had escaped punishment, but the corrupt regime which they represented faced other and unexpected hurdles.

The Dickson case had aroused the entire State of Arkansas. For the good name of the commonwealth, something had to be done to expose and, if possible, remove from office the gang of rapists and robbers which had brought this disgrace upon the heads of a long-suffering people.

Accordingly a resolution was introduced into the Legislature at Little Rock providing for an investigation of conditions in the Eighteenth Judicial District, which included Garland County, where Hot Springs is situated.

The Hot Springs machine did everything in its power to prevent the adoption of this resolution; but the campaign, directed by local officials and financed by a well known gambler, was momentarily unsuccessful. The investigation took place, but under the most difficult conditions. Witnesses were called to City Hall and either coached or terrorized. However, the testimony given before the State Legislative Committee, which is filed in the Garland County Courthouse as a matter of public record, painted an unforgettable picture of the police brutality and viciousness rampant in Hot Springs in 1937, the illegal control of elections through coercion, officials and relatives of officials active in the gambling racket in Hot Springs, as well as evidence of judicial corruption and general corrupt conditions existing in Hot Springs during past years.

The committee's majority report was scorching in its denunciations. Of the murder in the city jail it said: "Prison records nowhere reveal a case that will compare with the Dickson case, no doubt without a parallel in the history of prison systems. Yet when it became apparent that this man was going to die, he was denied the privilege of seeing his father, his aunt, or even a doctor not connected with the city administration."

Of the testimony of the three young girls and the credibility of this type of witness, the committeemen stated: "Since we have listened to the evidence of witnesses who testified as to the brutal treatment received by one John Dickson, and have seen the pictures of his broken, burned, and bleeding body, treatment received at the hands of members of the Hot Springs police force, we see nothing unreasonable in the statement of these girls."

And, as a general comment on the situation, the signers of the majority report concluded as follows:

"We cannot too strongly condemn the cruel and inhuman practices of the police and other officials of Hot Springs in their treatment of prisoners who are unfortunate enough to fall into their clutches. We do not confine this condemnation to the police officials alone, for in the Dickson case, in particular, the circuit judge, the mayor of Hot Springs, the municipal judge, and the city physician are guilty of either wanton neglect of their duties or of actual nonfeasance in failing to give this case proper attention after same was called to their attention."

This majority report, signed by three of the five members, recommended the impeachment of the circuit judge and such immediate legal steps as might be necessary to remove and punish the offending Hot Springs officials. A minority report, signed by the other two committeemen, after calling attention to the fact that "a considerable sum has already been expended in this investigation, and in view of the fact that a much greater sum must be expended if the recommendations of some members of this committee are adopted," recommended that nothing further be done.

And—public clamor over the Dickson case having subsided and the Hot Springs political machine having had a chance to get in its dirty work—nothing further *was* done.

Once more the politicians and the gamblers, the dope peddlers and the madams, the dishonest policemen and the con men, the public enemies who were hiding out, and the public enemies who harbored them had triumphed over the forces of honor and good will.

All unmindful of the fate that was about to descend upon them, they told each other that the City of Hot Springs was their vassal, the State of Arkansas their protector. Whom else and what else should they fear?

Well, there *was* some one else and something else. There was John Edgar Hoover and the F. B. I. The G-men were moving in on Hot Springs, Arkansas. In fact they were already in—and had been in since that day in June, 1933, when special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had located the notorious bank robber and escaped convict, Frank Nash, in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and started him back on the return trip to the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas.

The incident might have passed unnoticed outside of Hot Springs itself if it hadn't been for the fact that on the following day, June 17, Nash and four officers of the law were shot and killed by "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Verne Miller, and Adam Richetti outside the Union Station in Kansas City, in what has come to be known as the Kansas City Massacre.

The surprise, or rather the shock, came when the investigation following this atrocious crime showed that Nash had been living in Hot Springs for over a year, obviously under some kind of official protection; that he had arranged for this protection through a nationally known confidence man, Richard Tallman Galatas, also an uninvited guest of Hot Springs; that Galatas, when the protection failed to work—as it always does fail when John Edgar Hoover and his G-men hit the criminal trail—went to the local authorities, complained bitterly of the treatment his pal had received, and ordered the chief of detectives to telephone the police departments of neighboring towns that Nash, instead of being under arrest, had fallen into the hands of kidnapers—which telephoning the ever-dutiful chief of detectives promptly did.

Having done all that he could to "spring" Nash by strategic means, Galatas, accompanied by Nash's wife, Frances, rushed to the local airport, flew to Joplin, Missouri, and got in touch with Elmer Farmer, a notorious outlaw, who, with Verne Miller, forthwith planned the subsequent massacre.

Galatas was arrested and convicted for his part in this attempt to impede justice, which resulted in the death of four innocent men, and later made a full written confession of his relations with Hot Springs officials in general and the Hot Springs chief of detectives in particular.

## CLOSING OF AIR CORPS SONG CONTEST

**The Chief of the Army Air Corps, Major General Henry H. Arnold, announces that the closing date for the Air Corps Song Contest has been set for midnight, July 15, 1939.**

**This contest, sponsored by Liberty, has been in force for the past year. During this period the Army Air Corps has received approximately 400 entries, all of which have been carefully reviewed by the Air Corps Advisory Song Committee. From the number received four songs have been selected, which will again be reviewed in an effort to find one which may be found suitable for adoption as the official Army Air Corps Song.**

**All entries received bearing a postmark prior to and on July 15, 1939, will receive the same consideration as those previously submitted.**

**All entries which have not been considered suitable are being returned to the composers with a notification to that effect.**

**In the event that a song is chosen for the award, it is hoped to make the announcement by October 1, 1939.**

The chief, on his side, once he was sure that his friend and "customer" was no longer of any use to him, hastened to cover his own tracks by disclosing to the federal men the true nature of the position that Galatas had held, which was that of the official representative in Hot Springs of the gangster world, through whom not one but many underworld characters arranged to come to Hot Springs to "cool off" whenever they were, as the saying goes, "hot."

It always comes as a surprise that men who make their living by murdering other men and robbing banks and kidnaping children also like to swim and fish and camp and hike; but so it is. The first thing that the average criminal does, when he makes his getaway, is to hie himself to some natural sanctuary where he can not only hide out from his pursuers but can indulge his passion for flora, fauna, and what have you. And to such the mountain lakes and streams—richly stocked with trout and bass and crappie—and the winding mountain paths of the conveniently located Ozarks and Ouachitas would naturally hold an irresistible appeal.

As mountains go in height and grandeur, these leafy hills are, I suppose, strictly B. But by contrast with the almost endless evenness of the Bankhead Highway—where wayside "barbecues" write so eloquently in sprawling whitewash letters on their grimy front windows about the succulence of frogs' legs, the official Arkansas dish—the Ozarks and the Ouachitas are as welcome as a Ziegfeld chorus would be on a Federal Theater stage.

In fact, it was the accident of Hot Springs' geographical or, rather, topographical position which first turned it into the crime capital of America. I don't suppose you have looked recently at a topographical map of the United States—I know I hadn't until I started to write this story!—but by observing it you will see that the great stretch of country between the Rockies and the Smokies, except for this one oasis in western Arkansas, is mostly as flat as people thought the whole world was until Columbus did the egg trick for Isabella. It is as if nature had lent herself to the conspiracy to make Hot Springs not only a convenient haven, but the only haven, for the marauding bands of public enemies who terrorized the great Southwest.

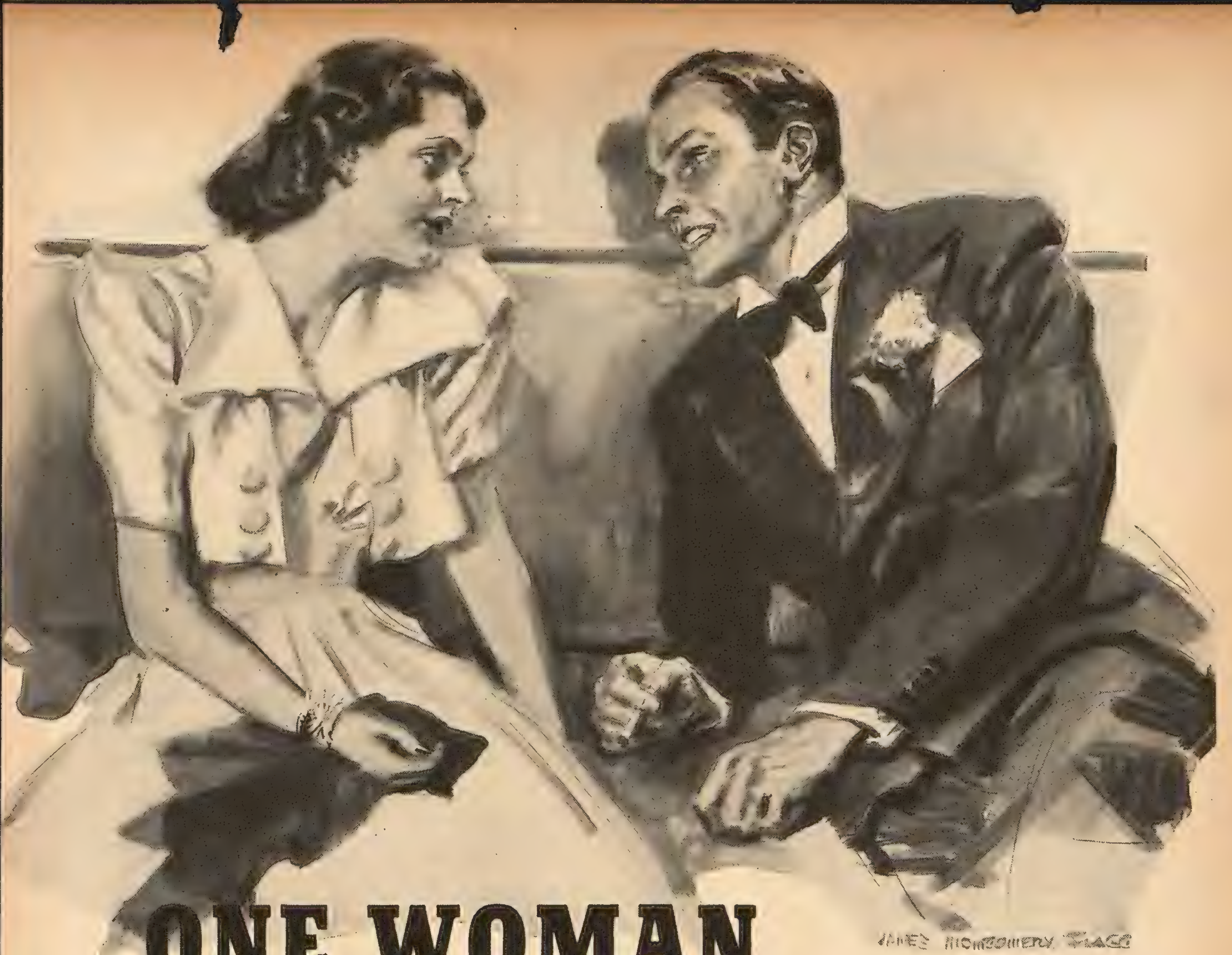
"Pretty Boy" Floyd, Elmer Farmer, "Lucky" Luciano, Fred Hunter, Harry Campbell, George "Burrhead" Keady, Sam Coker, and Alvin Karpis all knew their Hot Springs and sought the freedom of that charming city when other localities proved less hospitable.

Of course the chief of detectives did not volunteer these names or any inside information about the methods by which these murderers, robbers, rapists, and kidnapers were thus rendered safe from prosecution while police departments in other parts of the country were clamoring for their arrest and the F. B. I. itself was distributing their photographs and fingerprints to law-enforcement officers everywhere, including those in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

But by putting two and two together—Galatas' two and the Akers two—it was obvious to Mr. Hoover and his men that the alliance which existed in this outwardly peaceful little city in the mountains between those who broke the law and those whose duty it was to enforce it menaced not only the peace and safety of the people of one city but the peace and safety of all the people of the United States.

The story of the G-men's three-and-a-half-year fight to break up that alliance—the story that will now be told for the first time—is the most amazing chapter in the annals of that most amazing organization, the Federal Bureau of Investigation!

*Any such alliance is ugly enough—but Hot Springs' was a wonder in its way! It included close tie-ups with gambling and vice, and shackling of voters by means of a poll tax. Full details from Mr. Collins next week!*



Even when you were with him for seven hours, he was just as charming as you had imagined he would be.

# ONE WOMAN TOO MANY

## The story of a man too attractive to women and of a woman who loved him far too well

### BY ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

**READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS**

As she dressed for dinner with him her fingers were fumbling and unsteady; a sheer stocking pulled on too hastily tore in her hand; rouging her lips, she smeared on too much, then wondered if she hadn't rubbed off too much—and remembered with ironic amusement that she had been just as jittery when she was dressing for her first date with him, two months ago.

That time, Georgia had told herself scornfully that it was absurd to be so nervous; you didn't let yourself in for anything by having a date with the man you worked for. Not the first date, anyway; not even when the man was Ralph Thurston—whose pathway through life, if half the stories were true, was littered with discarded women. Besides, she didn't exactly work for him. She was on the permanent staff of the Foundation, assigned for the time to the project he was directing on special contract. It was no more than natural that after they had worked together a while he should show her some attention, if only to acknowledge that a research assistant was on a different level from the stenographers and file clerks.

But she couldn't help feeling excited when she was going to be conspicuously on parade—the Rainbow Room, the opening of a play, a night club afterward—with the famous Dr. Ralph Thurston who was as attractive as he was renowned. For a girl who had been leading a rather quiet life since Bill Crawford left town, it promised to be something of an occasion.

. . . And now, after two months—Georgia sat back and regarded herself in her dressing-table mirror. A shock of dark hair, sedately page-cut (she hated upswept hair); a face in which a friendly eye might find distinction but hardly beauty—a face that would perhaps be more effective at forty than now, at twenty-five. She was Georgia Sperry, Ph. D., and she looked it. But with color glowing in her cheeks, excitement smoldering in her eyes, this wasn't Dr. Sperry as her friends knew her. Nobody knew this woman but Ralph Thurston.

This afternoon he had kissed her—in his office. He had kissed her before—in taxis, at her door when they said good night; but if you let a man kiss you in the office, where anybody might walk in on you—if you cling to him, breathless, wishing he would never let you go—why, then, thought Dr. Sperry, it looks as if you've let yourself in for something.

MR. PEVERIL, president of the Foundation, would have been scandalized if he had known of that. Yet, in a sense, it was his fault. On the day last fall when the trustees of the Foundation had met to engage Thurston, Georgia happened to be looking something up in the office library just outside the board room—unseen behind a bookcase, as Peveril and the chairman of the trustees passed through on their way to the meeting.

"If Thurston's the man you want," the chairman was saying, "we'll approve the appointment. But his reputation—"

"He's the best man in his field. Of course, he was one of the more prominent and less successful Brain Trusters, so the newspapers picked on him. He didn't do a very good job on that railroad amalgamation afterward—but why should he? Wall Street and Washington are both out of his line; he's a historian. For this project he's just what we need."

"I was thinking rather of his personal reputation, Peveril—his alleged relations with women. We can't have a scandal in the office."

"No danger. He isn't a man who'd get involved with his secretary. The only woman of his own kind who'll work with him on this job is Dr. Sperry, and she's hardly the type that would appeal to Ralph Thurston."

The door of the board room closed behind them; and Georgia put away her book, went to the washroom, and took a long look at herself in the mirror. In her Vassar days she had gone to about as many proms as a girl could get around to who was trying to do some work besides; even now, she had dates as often as self-respect demanded; and so far as anything serious was concerned, she knew she could have married Bill Crawford if she had wanted to. . . .

But she wasn't the type that would appeal to Ralph Thurston.

And what type was that? Almost any type apparently. For a dozen years he had been a staid domesticated professor at a Middle Western university; but since he became a national figure (and his wife divorced him) he had been involved with a beauty-contest winner, the dazzling wife of a junior diplomat in Washington, a musical-comedy star. . . . Perhaps it was a type, then; they were all beautiful, they all had publicity. Georgia Sperry, research assistant, couldn't qualify on either count—even if she could imagine herself wanting to.

Nevertheless as she went back to her desk she found herself muttering resentfully, "Is that so?"

It was so for weeks, even months. Thurston admired her work, but seemed to regard her only as the machine that did it. What she hadn't foreseen was that he was a type that would appeal to her. She had always rather despised handsome men, but when you knew him you hardly noticed his looks; he had a gaiety that made work seem fun; a vibrant energy that made everything seem more important and exciting. Merely to know Ralph Thurston around the office made her feel more of a woman than ever before.

One day he gave her the first chapter of his report to read, and when she had finished she could only stare at him in speechless admiration.

"Like it?" he asked with a boyish grin. "Well, if it's good, you deserve most of the credit. You dug up the material, after all."

"Research!" Her shrug put her work in its place—her work, of which she had been so proud. "Anybody can do that who'll keep at it. But what you've done—it's like a cake."

"Like what?" He thought he must have misunderstood.

"A cake. My mother used to take flour and butter and sugar and so on, that anybody could buy at the grocery; and when she'd finished doing things to them she had a work of art. That's what you've done."

Grinning slowly, he said, "You're like an iceberg, aren't you?"

"What?" she gasped, reddening. He seemed a little confused, too.

"Sorry. I only meant that most of you is below the surface—out of sight. . . . You can't really get acquainted with anybody around an office!"

CAN'T you?" said Georgia. She could feel her eyes doing something they had never done before, even when she was playing around with Bill Crawford; doing it (whatever it was) unconsciously, automatically, by some instinct transmitted in direct descent from mother to daughter, all the way down from Eve.

"You certainly can't!" said Ralph Thurston. "Look here, Dr. Sperry . . . I mean Miss Sperry." (He meant Georgia; his tone told her that.) "There's a new Kaufman play opening Monday night. If you'd care to see it—"

So that had been the first time. Georgia, naturally reserved, had tried in mere caution to be more reserved that night than usual—never dreaming in her innocence what an asset an air of mystery could be. About all he found out about her was that she preferred Bordeaux to champagne, that she danced beautifully—and that even when she had been out dancing till half past two, she could look as fresh as ever in the office the next morning. But that was enough to make him want to find out more.

And she found out that even when you were on a party with him for seven hours, he was just as charming as you had imagined he would be. At first she wondered if his charm were a technique that he used on every woman; but after a few dates she knew that he was a child of nature, with no more technique than the wind.

It was only a tribute to his reputation that she always told him good night at her door. Another man who had taken her out for the evening might have been asked in for a final highball; but Ralph Thurston, whose romances seemed to be common gossip from coast to coast—

However, she presently discovered how easy it was to become common gossip from coast to coast. Dancing one night on Broadway, he told her, "That's Winchell over there." The name meant little to her, but it meant much to people in her home town, who read Winchell's column in a Milwaukee paper. Half a dozen old friends clipped out the item and mailed it to her: "Ralph Thurston, who used to prefer blondes, is doing his research work with brunette Georgia Sperry."

Really, she ought to stop seeing him. She had only set out to prove that she was a type that could appeal to him, and that point had been settled. Yet she didn't stop seeing him. . . . And then, this afternoon, when they had been talking in the office about their work, he said suddenly:

"Another six weeks and the job will be finished. I'll miss it." Her heart was pounding. She would miss him. "Aside from its other attractions, Georgia, it's restored my self-respect." He grinned at her astonishment. "The fact is," he said, "that the famous Dr. Thurston was rather a flop on his last two jobs. For years, when I was teaching at the university and getting out a book now and then, I felt—stifled; I thought I was meant for bigger things. Well, in Washington and Wall Street I found out that I'm not an executive, and I'd begun to wonder if I were anything at all except a stuffed shirt. This job has shown me that I'm just as good as ever, so long as I stick to the stuff I know. . . . But you deserve most of the credit. Not only because you've done so much of the work, but because I couldn't have done mine half so well without you. . . . Georgia—"

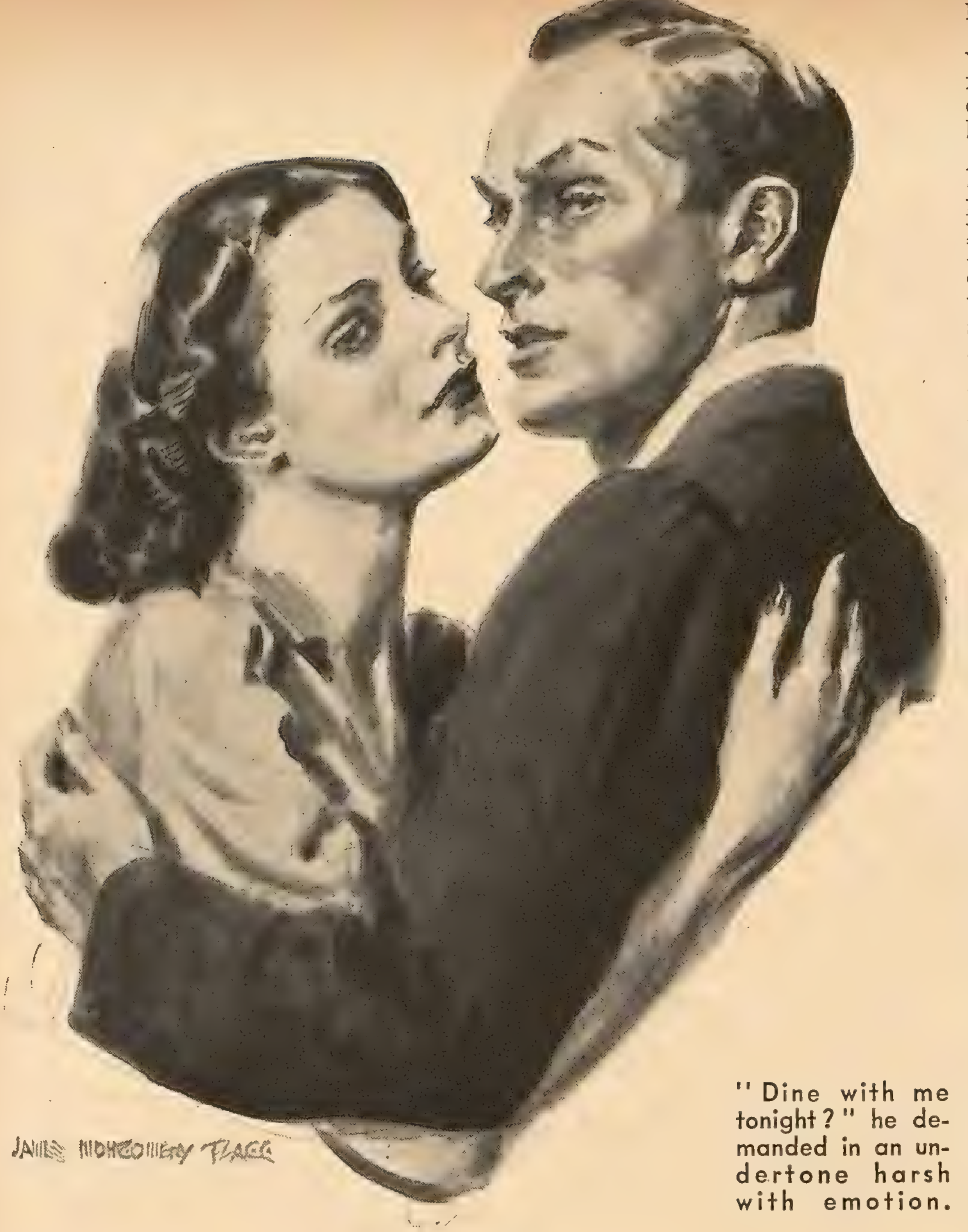
They stood looking at each other—and then she seemed to flow into his arms. Kissing and being kissed, clinging, breathless, wishing he would never let her go. And then his secretary tapped discreetly at the door. . . . If she feels she mustn't walk in on us, thought Georgia as she released herself, this must be all over the office. Good heavens! I never dreamed—

"Dine with me tonight?" he demanded in an undertone harsh with emotion. She nodded. "Come in, Miss Jenkins," said Dr. Thurston briskly.

. . . So here she was—all dressed up and all of a dither. Certainly she had never felt this way about Bill Crawford. Still—

The telephone rang.

GEORGIA!" said Ralph. "How are you, darling?" She said she was all right. Why not? "Look, Georgia. Something's come up. A man from Harvard who's passing through town called up just now and wants to see me at dinner. He's going



"Dine with me tonight?" he demanded in an undertone harsh with emotion.

on West—taking a train at eleven tonight; this is the only chance for us to get together. So if you could forgive me for breaking our date—"

"Of course, my dear. A man like you has to do things like that."

She hoped that didn't sound bitter. It was humiliating, even ludicrous, to be let down like this, when she had got herself all keyed up.

"It really is important," he insisted. "May I come up and tell you about it when I've seen him off?"

"Come up here after eleven? My dear! What would the hallboys think if you called at that time of night?"

"Do we have to worry about what they think?"

"I do," she said dryly. "I want to go on living in this house."

"I want to see you tonight, Georgia. Tomorrow we'll both be busy. Could you meet me outside a little after eleven—say, at the Flamingo?"

"Yes," she said after a pause. "I'll be there."

"Thank you. . . . Georgia—I never told you I loved you, did I?"

"No, Ralph, you never did." (Keeping the record clear? she wondered.)

"Well, I'm telling you now."

She put up the telephone, a little dazed; he sounded as if he meant that. And maybe she'd know what her own feelings meant by eleven. . . .

The telephone rang again.

"Who?" she said. "Bill Crawford! When did you get back in town?"

"About an hour ago. Didn't you get my telegram?"

"Telegram? No, I didn't, Bill. I moved last month."

"So I discovered when I started trying to phone you. Well, anyway, I'm back here to stay; and the firm thought so well of the job I did out West that they gave me a raise, and even hinted at a partnership for next year. So—to repeat my telegram—what about dining with me?"

"Why, that would be lovely, Bill. Call for me in half an hour."

Normally it would take her about that long to get ready; and he mustn't know that she was all dressed and polished up for another man.

Good old Bill. Tonight he was just what she needed. Somebody she was fond of; somebody who had been part of her life before she had been upset by unaccountable emotions.

Presently he was ringing the doorbell. He came in. She kissed him, partly because he would expect it, partly because she was so glad to see him. But his arms held her with a desperate earnestness. All at once, to her astonishment, she found herself clinging to him too. She broke away, crimson.

"Darling!" he said. "You're so beautiful!" (He had never told her that before.) "And I'm so crazy about you! When you stopped writing I was afraid you were tired of me. But we're all right now, aren't we?"

"My dear! I'm glad to see you, but—don't jump at conclusions."

"You never kissed me like that before," he told her. "And you wouldn't let go unless you meant it."

You'd be surprised, she thought. . . . Indeed she was surprised herself—to act this way with two men two hours apart—

"Well, let's not worry about what things mean, Bill, when you've just come back. Let's only think how nice it is to be together again."

He was a little sulky for a while, but dinner restored his spirits—dinner and dancing; they had always been excellent dancing partners.

"I see you've been keeping in practice," he said, "while I was away."

"Did you expect me just to sit and work at my embroidery?"

"Why did you stop writing? I know I did too; but you stopped first—two months ago." . . . After her first date with Ralph; yes, she probably had.

"I've been working terribly hard, Bill."

"Yes, Ralph Thurston does make people work. He used to be one of my professors, you know. How do you like him?"

"I think he has the most brilliant mind I've ever known," she said truthfully; and he said she was probably right.

"He's good company, too," he added. "Not around the office, I suppose; but I used to know him pretty well in college. And his wife, too."

"His wife?" said Georgia. "It's hard to remember he ever had one, with all the stories you hear about him."

"It's queer the way he blew up. For years the Thurstons looked like the perfect faculty couple—common tastes, common interests. Then all at once he got mixed up with a coed, and his wife went to Reno; and since then it seems to be just one woman after another." He grinned at her. "The way you're looking now, I'm surprised that he hasn't made a pass at you."

Evidently it was absurd to imagine his making a pass at her, the way she used to look. . . .

"You're very flattering," she said.

“But, aside from anything else, I’m sure he’s too smart to make a pass at anybody in the office.”

He dropped the subject; and presently she began to mention a headache. It took time to persuade him that the headache was so bad she had to go home. When they got there, he lingered at the door. But at last she got rid of him, waited till he was safely away, and took a taxi to the Flamingo.

One of the small intimate cafés that had sprung up lately—red-leather seats along the walls, mirrors; the sort of place she had never been in till two months ago. Now she sauntered in, looked vainly around for Ralph, and sat down to wait. Almost at once he came in. Every woman in the place looked at him, their eyes followed him— Now they were all looking at Georgia; and it warmed her heart to know that she looked as smart as the woman should who was waiting for Ralph Thurston.

He sat down beside her with a hungry eagerness in his eyes that she had never seen there before. (Though probably, she reflected, a dozen other women had seen it in their day.)

“Thank you for coming,” he said. “But this is no place to talk. Why can’t we go back to your apartment?”

“I have a reputation to maintain.” (And so had he, she was afraid.)

YOU don’t maintain it any too well,” he told her, grinning, “if it won’t stand a man’s dropping in for half an hour, after — say, the theater. But perhaps you’re right,” he added abruptly. “I know I’ve been talked about. . . . Well, that’s all over. I can’t afford it on my new job, even though Harvard is a tolerant place.”

“Your new job? Oh,” she said, “you’re going to Harvard?”

He nodded.

“That was what I had to see this man about tonight. There was some opposition to me, but that’s all been ironed out. So now I’m going to spend the rest of my life doing my stuff—teaching history and writing it. Just a homing pigeon, flying back to the coop where I belong.”

“I’m glad, Ralph. It *is* where you belong. But can you stick it? I mean,” she said, flushing, “you were a professor once before for years. And finally you couldn’t stick it; you—broke loose.”

“That was different. I had to get things off my mind. I’d never known anything but the academic life then—teaching, or studying to get ready to teach—and at last it got on my nerves. I had to—to get out and have my fling.”

“You certainly flung,” she observed, “when you once got started.”

“Yes, I did,” he admitted with a reminiscent smile. “But that’s all over now; I’m ready to settle down.”

But his eyes didn’t look as if he were quite ready yet. . . . He won’t go to Harvard till next fall, she was thinking. After that, he’ll have to behave; but there’s time for one more, if he’s discreet about it. . . .

“I really did have to get things off my mind,” he insisted. “Things I’d always wanted to do—or see somebody do anyway—in Washington and Wall Street. Now that’s all out of the way. I can go back to the job I know I can do, and be perfectly happy the rest of my life. . . . That is, if— This is a hell of a place to have to say it, Georgia; but if you won’t let me into your apartment—I’m asking you to marry me.” Her blank bewilderment seemed to hurt him a little. “Didn’t it ever occur to you,” he asked her, “that I had what are known as honorable intentions?”

“Why, no, Ralph; I’m afraid it never did. You—you usually haven’t, if half the stories are true.”

THOSE stories—” he muttered. “But anyway I’m through with all that too. This is different. I want you, darling. I love you. Please.”

He was hard to resist in this mood.

“I don’t know,” she said. “I’m terribly fond of you, of course—”

“Fond of me? I thought, after what happened in the office today—”

“Couldn’t that have been mere high spirits?” she suggested, flushing.

“It could have been with some women. But you—”

“Why do you want to marry me, Ralph—me in particular? . . . Oh, I know you love me; but that seems to mean such different things. And you must have been more in love with other women than you are with me. More attractive women, too. . . . No flattery, please. I’m asking you.”

“I’ve never been in love with any woman as I am with you, Georgia. With all of me. The others—they didn’t matter, and they knew it.”

“Not even the girl who—who broke up your home? She was only a coed, wasn’t she? I should think—” She paused.

“That an honorable man would have married her?”

“Well, if you were going to marry anybody. You must have been madly in love with her, to break up your home for her sake.”

“I didn’t do it for her sake. I was bored and restless, and she happened to come along—I might have married her, at that, though I’d lost my enthusiasm by the time I was free; I’d found out what a featherbrain she was. But luckily she won a beauty contest and got a Hollywood contract. I was going to Washington, and she preferred Hollywood to me.”

“But your wife wasn’t a featherbrain, Ralph. People who used to know you thought you were the perfect faculty couple. I should think when you’d been so tied up with somebody for so long you could never feel really married to anybody else.”

“Blanche wouldn’t agree with you,” he said dryly. . . . “Blanche? My ex-wife—now happily remarried.” There was bitterness in his voice. “Apparently she got just as bored with the academic life as I did, but she was smart enough not to let anybody know it till I made the break. We’d married when we were in graduate school together—common interests and all that. But she could have married another man, a more exciting man than a mere scholar. Whenever we had a row, I knew she was thinking that he was the man she ought to have married. So after I gave her an excuse for divorce, she did marry him. . . . And that’s that. Let’s forget Blanche. . . . Forget the other women; none of them ever had the—the all-round appeal to me that you have. We work together, we play together, we have the same interests inside and outside the office— And I want you, Georgia. . . .”

If he had asked her this afternoon, before his secretary interrupted them, she would have been sure; but the way she had acted with Bill—

But she certainly wasn’t thinking about marrying Bill Crawford. Ralph was the most brilliant, most important, most attractive man she had ever known; if she didn’t marry him, she’d probably think of him forever after as the man she ought to have married.

“My mind just isn’t working, Ralph; I’m so tired. Maybe if I get a good night’s sleep, everything will be clear when I wake up in the morning. So when we see each other in the office—” She paused, reddening.

“I won’t be in the office tomorrow—I’m tied up all day with an educational conference. Sorry, but, as you said tonight, a man like me has to do things like that. But I might be able to slip away, meet you at lunch—”

“I couldn’t. There’s a luncheon of the University Women’s National Scholarship Committee. I’m the youngest member and I’m terribly interested in it. . . . Sorry, but a woman like me has to do things like that too.”

“Of course!” he said eagerly. “We have the same sort of responsibilities; we’re the same kind of people; we belong together. . . . When can I see you, then? After you finish work tomorrow?”

“I guess so. Drop in at my apartment about six.”

“Your apartment. You never asked me in before. Does this mean—”

“It means an end of all this hesitation,” she said. “Either yes or no. But which, I won’t know myself till tomorrow.”

BUT even in the morning she wasn’t sure. She had expected some sort of revelation when she woke up, some inner voice that would give her an unmistakable answer. But her first conscious thought was, Oh dear, why can’t I make up my mind?

So she was glad he wasn’t going to be in the office. But she missed him, and felt as if her mind were gradually making itself up. As she went out to the luncheon, it gave her a curious satisfaction to perceive that this was the sort of meeting that Mrs. Ralph Thurston ought to be going to. The Mrs. Ralph Thurston of the future, anyway, of Harvard. She’d make an excellent faculty wife. . . .

Her committee was meeting in one of the private dining rooms of a women's clubhouse; a crowd of women, some old, mostly middle-aged; but all alert, intelligent, eagerly interested in the good cause. At the luncheon table she found herself beside a woman she couldn't place, who yet looked curiously familiar—a pleasant-faced woman with a sprinkle of gray in her dark hair; not beautiful, but with a certain austere distinction. Now, who? Georgia wondered; and apparently the other was wondering too.

"Haven't we met somewhere?" she asked. "I'm Mrs. John Leopold of Chicago. I haven't been East for years before this trip; but perhaps we've met out there."

"I'm Georgia Sperry; I came from Wisconsin, but I haven't been back for years. I thought we'd met too, but I guess we haven't."

"Well," said Mrs. Leopold, smiling, "we've met now."

They talked through lunch about the work of the committee, about this and that; and discovered that their minds worked pretty much the same way.

Then the chatter along the table was hushed; the chairman rose to open the meeting. As she was speaking, Georgia glanced again at the woman beside her.

Of course! she thought with a queer consternation. No wonder we both felt as if we must have met. We're the same type, mentally and physically; she looks about the way I'll look when I'm forty. And I suppose I look about the way she looked when she was twenty-five. . . .

Gradually the business of the meeting drew her attention; but when it broke up at last she felt that she had to speak to Mrs. Leopold—see if she had discovered the resemblance too. But as they all got up from the table somebody was ahead of her—a middle-aged woman who came up to Mrs. Leopold with a shade of concern in her eyes, who spoke to Mrs. Leopold in an undertone that Georgia, close by, couldn't help overhearing.

"Well, Blanche! I haven't seen you since you came back from Reno."

"I seem to commute from Reno, don't I?" said Mrs. Leopold. "But I think that was my last trip. I had to have my fling, Ruth; but I've learned that it's a great mistake to marry the man you always thought you ought to have married. Better let him remain an unsullied ideal."

"I was afraid you might find that out," said the other. "But I see you're still keeping his name."

"What else can I do? I'd feel like a fool, taking back my maiden name after two marriages; and it's no good calling myself Mrs. Thurston. Some day Ralph will settle down and marry one of his women—"

Georgia no longer wanted to speak to Mrs. Leopold; she didn't seem to want anything but to get out of here, get away from everybody. . . . But in the corridor outside the dining room she began to feel as if she were coming out from under an anesthetic.

And now, she told herself, it's about time for Georgia Sperry, Ph. D., to use her brains, if any.

The same type. But Blanche was the original; Georgia was only a carbon copy to Ralph Thurston. What have I got that she hasn't? she asked herself; and had to answer candidly, Nothing but youth. . . . That was something — youth and unspoiled freshness. But there was another word for it—inexperience, or even ignorance.

And what has she got that I haven't? . . . Experience that had distilled into wisdom. A dozen years of shared interests, shared memories. An attraction durable enough to leave him bitter, after five years and half a dozen other women, because she had married another man. An all-round appeal, mental and physical, strong enough to make him discard the beautiful women who had loved him, and want to marry a woman who looked as Blanche had looked when he first knew her. . . .

Now, at last, everything began to be clear.

"Oh, Mrs. Leopold," said Georgia, as the other emerged from the dining room, "I do want to see more of you. I've got to go back to the office now; but could you drop in at my apartment—say, at a quarter past six?"

Mrs. Leopold said she would be delighted.

Georgia left the office early that afternoon. It was hard to keep her mind on her work, and besides, she had things to do at home. Tidying up, making sure that her apartment looked its best—the apartment that Ralph would see today for the first time. Cigarettes on the table, everything in order. . . .

She went to the telephone, spoke to the hallboy.

"Rufus, I have two guests coming in presently—a man and a woman. Unfortunately I have to go out, but I'll leave the key with you. Please let them in, and tell them I'll see them—later."

I suppose I might, she reflected—a year or two later. . . . She sat down at her desk, began to write a note—and the telephone rang. She jumped up, trembling. If Ralph had come early, everything was spoiled.

"Hello," she said. "Oh—Bill!" He'd probably misunderstand the delight in her voice, but she didn't care if he did. "Yes," she said, "the headache's all gone, thank you. . . . This evening? Why, I don't know. I—I'm not feeling sentimental," she warned him. "Not about us, anyway. . . . What? I dance well even when I'm not feeling sentimental? Thank you; so do you. . . . I suppose I might . . . No, don't call for me here; I have to go out. But I could meet you at the Biltmore at seven, under the clock."

So that was that.

She finished writing her note, read it over:

Dear Ralph:

Unexpectedly I had to go out; but please wait. I'll see that you aren't left alone long.

People learn things, working in offices —for instance, that a carbon copy isn't altogether satisfactory. It may look clearer than the original, if the carbon happens to be fresh; but it wouldn't wear as well.

Georgia.

A glance around the apartment. Smart—and comfortable; a cozy nest for a pair of homing pigeons.

THE END

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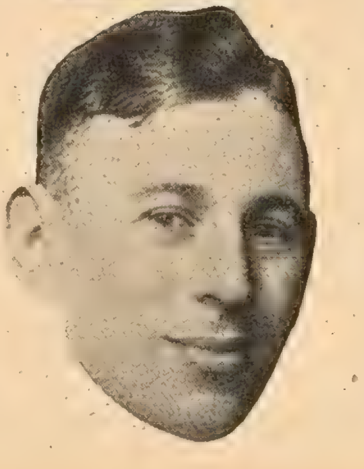
# 20 QUESTIONS



1—One-time vaudevillian and pugilistic authority, he is the famous creator of the cartoon "Boob McNutt." Whose early photo is this?

2—What animal has been called Nature's No. 1 engineer?

3—Was Henry Morgan a financier, a pirate, or a Civil War general?

4—Whom did the Hatfields fight in their famous feud?

5—What famous bridge was built by Washington A. Roebling?

6—Does dew fall from the sky?

7—Who is the youngest king on the continent of Europe?

8—How long was Piux XI pope?

9—What was wampum made of?

10—If cake is too "short," has the cook skimped on ingredients?

11—How many stars are there in the flag of the President of the United States?

12—What baseball manager's real name is Cornelius McGillicuddy?

13—How many have rolled 300 in the thirty-nine years of American Bowling Congress competition?

14—What two actresses have twice won the award of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences?

15—Where is the real Gretna Green?

16—What insect has long been a menace to the cotton plant?

17—To what English court are foreign ambassadors accredited?

18—What is the Gaelic name for the Irish Free State?

19—Who compete for the Wightman Cup in lawn tennis?

20—What financial adviser of Presidents was appointed chairman of the U. S. War Industries Board in 1918?

*(Answers will be found on page 36)*

# WHEN IS

## BY CHARLES M. THOMAS

Instructor in History, Ohio State University

President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

## At last! The truth about President Wilson's illness when the facts were kept from Congress and the country

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PRESIDENT WILSON lay stricken in the White House during October, 1919, and for months thereafter. His condition was concealed from the members of the Cabinet, from Congress, and from the public. The secrecy with which he immediately was surrounded has been maintained into the twentieth year. Mrs. Wilson recently has described the President's illness and discussed its consequences in a section of her published reminiscences under the heading, The Truth, the Whole Truth, and— The whole truth in this instance includes no adequate account of how the important functions of the Chief Executive were exercised during Wilson's illness. She and every bedside guardian of the stricken President have remained singularly quiet concerning this frequently asked question. The American people have a right to full information concerning any transference of the Presidential powers which occurred while he was unconscious or semiconscious.

The vital duties and functions of the Chief Executive were either exercised by some other person during this period, or they were left in abeyance. It is possible to search out the essential facts of what happened. The actions taken during those months are available to support and amplify the evidence from contemporary sources.

The physicians attending President Wilson issued over sixty bulletins daily and semidaily in September and October, 1919. It is possible now to compare these bulletins with the more recently published accounts of his illness. It has been acknowledged that he was at least partially paralyzed, stricken unconscious, and afflicted with a stricture. Exact dates have been supplied recently for some of those developments. When the daily bulletins are checked against this information, they are revealed to have been deliberately misleading and definitely contrary to fact.

Twelve hours after the stroke on September 26, the President was said to be " suffering from nervous exhaustion. His condition is not alarming." On October 2, two hours after the second stroke, the bulletin read, " The President had a fairly good night, but his condition is not at all good this morning." That evening it was acknowledged that " the President is a very sick man. His condition is less favorable today, and he has remained in bed throughout the day." It was positively stated at the White House that no alarming symptoms had developed, that the summoning of Dr. Francis X. Dercum was more of a precautionary measure than anything else. The New York Times quotes Dr. Dercum as saying upon his return to Philadelphia the same evening: " Although there is no rise in the President's temperature or any other sudden serious development, . . . Dr. Grayson and myself were not quite satisfied with his condition."

The stricture blocking elimination from the bladder occurred on October 17. It was decided that an operation would be fatal, and also that the whole body would become poisoned if the condition lasted two hours or longer. Mrs. Wilson and the doctors watched as two hours went by and part of a third. Mrs. Wilson recently has described how the patient's temperature rose constantly during this crisis. Suddenly nature relieved the condition that threatened to bring immediate death. The bulletin issued at noon of this critical day said: " The President passed a comfortable night, and is feeling well this morning. His temperature, pulse and respiration rates are normal. The prostatic condition is not as satisfactory as yesterday, and is checking general improvement of the past two weeks." The next bulletin, issued at ten o'clock that evening, merely stated: " The President's prostatic gland swelling, referred to in previous bulletins, is definitely improved and causing little discomfort, so that the treatment has been simplified. The kidneys are functioning normally and the heart action is excellent. The temperature, pulse, and blood pressure remain normal."

Senator George H. Moses wrote to

# A PRESIDENT DISABLED?

a constituent during the second week in October saying that President Wilson "may live . . . but he will not be any material force or factor in anything. . . . He suffered some kind of a cerebral lesion." This letter was published in the New York Times on October 12. The next day's bulletin read: "His temperature, with the exception of one day, pulse and respiration rate, heart action and blood pressure are normal, and have been so since the onset of his illness. His kidneys are functioning normally."

It seems today that the Moses letter was the nearest approach to correctness in describing the President's condition. Yet this was ridiculed by the attending physicians as a "silly rumor" which was "nonsensical beyond description." Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's personal physician, reassured the press the next day by saying positively that "nothing would be kept from the public if the President's illness should take a critical turn."

Four days later Admiral Grayson's name headed those signed to the bulletins which concealed the prostatic crisis with such masterly sophistry.

Perhaps the physicians should not be criticized too severely for this. The responsibility rested upon that member of Wilson's immediate family who was in charge of the sickroom. If the family of an incapacitated patient demands silence, the professional ethics of the physician require that he maintain secrecy as long as it is not clearly illegal. There is no specific legislation dealing with the contingency of Presidential incapacity which was faced in 1919. Most physicians today will agree that the doctors would have been culpable had they violated the requests of the immediate family.

There may be some doubt concerning the propriety of the decision by a family to conceal from the people of the nation the true condition of a desperately stricken Chief Executive. But it is certain that there is no morally justifiable nor legally sound excuse for concealing the nature of a President's illness from his own Cabinet and from the properly constituted officials of the government. Such conduct is a clear negation of that clause of the Federal Constitution which attempts to provide the nation with executive leadership constantly available for any emergency.

There is evidence that the guardians of President Wilson's sickroom consciously planned to evade the normal constitutional provisions governing Presidential inability. This is shown in the relations between the President's advisers and Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall. There came a time, a few days after October 2, when those in touch with the President knew that his death was likely at any hour. They recognized the impropriety of leaving the Vice-President in ignorance and unprepared, but they were not willing to make any direct statement to him. They feared that even an informal statement, if made directly, might be used as proof of the disability of the President. Therefore the persons in charge of the President devised a circuitous method. Word carried by a journalist could have no official significance.

J. Frederick Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, was known to and fully trusted by all persons concerned; in fact, one of those in intimate contact with the President confidentially told him of the second stroke immediately after it occurred. Summoned to the White House a few days later, he was again informed of Wilson's condition, and was told that the three persons in charge of the President had decided that the Vice-President must be informed. He was asked to explain the situation to Marshall.

ESSARY, taking precautions that his visit should attract no attention, went to the Vice-President's office, sat beside the desk, and told Marshall why he had come and who had sent him. He explained that the President might die at any hour. While he talked, Marshall sat staring at his hands clasped before him on the desk. He sat without speaking. Essary finished, hesitated, rose and went to the door. He looked back, but Marshall never looked up. Years later, when Essary saw him in Indiana, the former Vice-President apologized, saying: "I did not even have the courtesy to thank you for coming over and telling me. It was the first great shock of my life." This was the first definite information Marshall received concerning the President's condition. Previously he had been as much in the dark as was the general public.

The members of the Cabinet were likewise uninformed. David F. Houston writes, in his Eight Years with Wilson's Cabinet, that he saw the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, at the Shoreham Hotel on Friday, October 3. Baker said, "I am scared literally to death." Houston says the members of the Cabinet canvassed the matter among themselves, but none could furnish any light. Saturday, Houston saw Joseph P. Tumulty, the President's secretary, at the Shoreham. Tumulty gave him, in confidence, his first direct word concerning the seriousness of the President's condition. Secretary Baker confirmed this account in an interview with the writer in 1937. He concluded, "We knew nothing of what was happening. I had no direct contact with the President for months." He explained that when affairs of the War Department necessitated communication with President Wilson, the papers and explanations were always delivered to Mrs. Wilson and were subsequently returned to the War Department from her, after receiving the President's signature or attention.

President Wilson's desperate struggle to secure the ratification of the Versailles Treaty may furnish an explanation of why his guardians concealed his true condition. They may have been motivated by a desire to preserve unweakened the principles for which he had fought. Vice-President Marshall was known to be in favor of the ratification of the treaty with mild reservations and the immediate entry of the United States into the League of Nations. President Wilson demanded ratification with no reservations. The members of his household assumed the responsibility of concealing his condition from a Congress in which there were many members who would have welcomed a constitutional transference of the duties of the President to the Vice-President. The attitude of the President's guardians is understandable, but it led them into expedients of questionable propriety and ultimately resulted in a situation which excluded the United States from the League of Nations and ruined the most cherished hopes of Woodrow Wilson.

The Versailles Treaty with the Lodge reservations came to a vote in the Senate on November 19, 1919. Word had come from the White House that the stricken Wilson still refused to consent to such reservations. The administration forces voted against the motion and the treaty failed of ratification. Vice-President Marshall, presiding over the Senate, then tried to maneuver the treaty into a position where other resolutions of ratification would be in order without reservations or with other, milder ones. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge engaged in a parliamentary contest with him, and succeeded in getting the Senate to reverse three separate decisions of its presiding officer. The administration forces refused to consent to any reservations, and the opposition refused to consent to ratification without reservations. It was recognized that the necessary two-thirds majority could never be obtained for any type of ratification as long as these attitudes were maintained. The Senate adjourned, and Marshall's plans were thwarted.

The fight for the treaty continued as the months passed and Wilson regained some of the strength he had lost. But now the opposition to any ratification gained strength among the people of the nation. George Harvey has told, in his biography of Henry Clay Frick, how Frick and other multimillionaires, including Andrew W. Mellon, provided thousands of dollars at a critical moment to finance the efforts to arouse public opinion against the League. Some persons have thought that Mellon and Frick were fearful of the position of labor in the League. Perhaps they were anxious to break the prestige of an economically liberal President. Certainly their action was in accord with the isolationist tendency which is so deep-seated in the American people.

The treaty again came to a vote in the Senate in March, 1920. This time twenty-three of the forty-seven Democrats joined thirty-four Republicans to force a vote on ratification with so-called mild reservations. The resulting majority was but seven short of the two thirds necessary for ratification. The motion was defeated by fifteen Republican Irreconcilables joined by twenty-four Democrats. Many of the latter were following the advice of President Wilson, still adamant against any reservations and determined to carry the appeal for the treaty to the voters in the election that was to be held in less than a year. It is apparent that Wilson was wholly unconscious of the rising tide of adverse public opinion.

A heavy responsibility rests upon those who for months kept a Chief Executive secluded from contact with public opinion and at the same time deliberately prevented a devolution of the Presidential powers, contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. There is no doubt that President Wilson was almost completely secluded from the time he recovered consciousness in October, 1919, until practically the end of his administration in 1921. Those who guarded his sickroom protected him by an effective censorship. Their intentions were the best. They wished to preserve his health and strength. They succeeded in destroying whatever ability he might still have had.

NO Chief Executive of a popular government can weigh facts properly and reach new conclusions unless he has some real contact with the nation. President Wilson was permitted to hear only those things that would please him. This policy was followed from his return to consciousness after his second stroke.

He was told of the Senate vote against the Shantung amendment to the peace treaty on October 16. The Senate had been debating the treaty when he was stricken. The fight was going badly for the Wilson forces, but they felt certain of defeating the Shantung amendment. He was told earlier in the day that an important vote was near. As the news did not seem to worry him, Dr. Grayson gave permission for the sending of the vote to the sickroom. The President was more cheerful. The New York Times reported at this time that, “ with the exception of the news furnished him by Mrs. Wilson, the President has learned very little of national and international developments, although he gets daily a general summary of events. He has at times expressed a keen desire for more comprehensive reports . . . but always Dr. Grayson has succeeded in keeping away from his patient information that might prove trying to his nerves.”

A few friends were admitted to the White House as the months passed. They knew Wilson was not able to discuss matters seriously. So even then he did not know the truth about public sentiment. Not until the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic Party and of the treaty in November, 1920, did he at last realize that he and his ideals had been excluded from the plans of the American people. The blow was the more crushing because the censorship around him had been so efficient.

DURING the incapacity of President Wilson certain senatorial leaders of each party sought to persuade Vice-President Marshall to assume the Presidency. Upon one occasion two Democratic senators approached him with such a proposal. They saw the nation drifting without executive leadership and the party faced by factional disintegration. On another occasion four leading Republican senators informed Marshall that he could have the support of the Republican majority in the Senate if he assumed the Presidency. The Vice-President rejected all these proposals, discussing them with but few persons. He told his confidential secretary, Mark Thistlethwaite, of the details at the time, and told Mrs. Marshall, “ I could throw this country into civil war, but I won’t.”

Vice-President Marshall once went to the Executive Mansion, during the debate on the treaty, expecting to see Wilson. He was not admitted to the presence of the President. Mrs. Wilson explained that he was too ill. She would convey Mr. Marshall’s information to the President. Nothing was discussed. Mrs. Marshall says that her husband never heard from Woodrow Wilson after that day. The Vice-President knew that the President was disabled in October. He knew that Wilson had partially recovered by the end of the year. But the Vice-President was as devoid as was the general public of any accurate information concerning the degree of incapacity that existed during the latter months of the administration.

When Marshall knew that the President was vitally stricken, he tried, in November, to salvage the Versailles Treaty after the first adverse vote. When the treaty again reached a vote in the Senate in March, 1920, President Wilson was known to be sufficiently recovered to express repeatedly his opinion and demands. Marshall then refrained from expressing his own views and supported the President’s policy. But senators who heard him talk in the freedom and intimacy of the cloakrooms of the Senate knew that he was opposed to the course followed by the President.

Had the President died after his second stroke, in October, 1919, the awful responsibility would have been Marshall’s. It is certain that he would have accepted ratification of the treaty with mild reservations. Had this occurred, his compromise might have been more nearly in accordance with the purposes of the former Wilson than any one could then know. William G. McAdoo, Wilson’s son-in-law and perhaps the most trusted member of his Cabinet, reports in his Crowded Years a discussion in which the President indicated that he was not adverse to ratification with the so-called mild reservations. Wilson said it was impossible for him to discuss compromise because the partisan opponents would immediately propose other and more objectionable reservations. President Wilson was ill when the moment came when mild reservations might have been accepted and ratification secured before the Irreconcilables had a chance to re-form their lines.

The degree of President Wilson’s incapacity was a constant question during his illness. For nine weeks the Senate respected the requests of his bedside guardians and did not seek to penetrate the secrecy that surrounded the sickroom. The well known visit of Senators Fall and Hitchcock occurred on December 5. After spending forty-five minutes with him the senators were convinced that his mind was clear but that he was physically in bad shape.

BY December a realization began to develop among the Republican senators that Wilson’s illness was leaving the Democratic Party without definite leadership and was therefore politically advantageous to their party. Even earlier they had ceased to urge Marshall to assume the Presidency.

Some Republicans even opposed the Fall-Hitchcock visit, preferring to have the uncertainty continue. Former Senator James E. Watson told the author in July, 1937, that he had opposed the visit with all of his power; that it was a terrible thing to break in on a sick President that way. The visit was also poor politics. It might have developed into a Republican blunder. The Republicans were fortunate in that it occurred in December and not in October. Had President Wilson been found unconscious or semiconscious, the transference of his duties to the Vice-President would have been necessary. The Democratic Party might have been saved from some political blunders.

It is generally acknowledged that President Wilson’s mind was clear except during an interval of uncertain duration after his second stroke. But this mental alertness does not prove that he was able to exercise properly the powers and functions of the Chief Executive. There is evidence that he had not even regained his emotional control when he retired from office.

President Harding told his family of Wilson’s conduct during their ride to the inauguration. Harding told a mildly humorous elephant story to relieve the (*Continued on page 20*)

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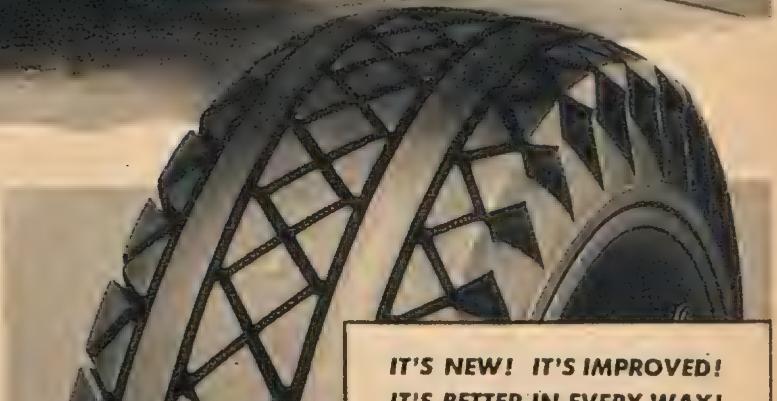

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**GOODYEAR**

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*(Continued from page 18)*

tension of the ride, and Wilson broke down and wept in the midst of the story. During the campaign Harding had felt very keenly some of the slurs cast against his family and he did not think that Wilson was free from blame. The evening after the inauguration, when Harding had retired to the semiprivacy of the circle of his family and a few friends, he was asked if he had noticed Wilson's discourtesy toward the new President during part of the ceremony following the inauguration. Harding replied that he could never again feel any resentment toward a man who was as completely broken in mind and body as was Wilson.

THERE still is uncertainty as to the degree of President Wilson's incapacity during the last months of his administration. This may never be fully clarified, for at least one of the physicians who attended the President has ordered his secretary to destroy all his records of this case as soon as the secretary learns of the physician's death. It has been possible, however, to evaluate the consequences of the decision to conceal the President's condition. There may be differences of opinion concerning the significance of the failure of the United States to ratify the Versailles Treaty and enter the League of Nations. That is not the point. The tragedy was that both the President's party and the nation were left to flounder without executive leadership.

There is no need for uncertainty concerning the degree of President Wilson's inability during the first several weeks after his second stroke on October 2, 1919. During a part of that period it was complete; the official records of the government show a hiatus in the exercise of the Presidential functions at that time which is explainable in no other way. These records show that he was not completely incapacitated by his first stroke, but that he was by the second. The Presidential party immediately returned to Washington after the first stroke on September 26, following the speech at Pueblo, Colorado. They reached Washington Sunday morning, September 28, and Wilson walked unsupported through the station. His face was drawn and there were other evidences of his extreme nervous condition, but he was able to transact considerable executive business after his arrival. During Monday, September 29, he signed ten acts that had been passed by Congress and acted upon fifteen applications for pardons and the like. He took motor rides on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

He suffered his second stroke on Thursday, and then the complete hiatus in his official acts commenced. He signed no pardons between September 30 and October 23, there being no similar gap in pardons for months before or after this period. October is the only month during 1919 in which he issued no proclamations, with the exception of two completed treaties which were proclaimed over his formal signature. Only one executive order was issued, and that was dated October 30. The average number in preceding and succeeding months was nearly twenty.

The most revealing evidence is found by analyzing his action on bills passed by Congress during his illness. Wilson was not a President who evaded responsibility by permitting bills to become laws without his signature. He customarily either signed or vetoed bills, yet twenty-eight bills became laws without his signature between September 30 and November 18, 1919. Some of these laws appropriated millions of dollars. Others subjected citizens who violated the laws to imprisonment for five years.

The President signed no bill during the first twenty days after his second stroke. The Volstead bill to enforce prohibition passed Congress and was sent to the White House on October 16. The President had ten days, exclusive of Sundays, in which to sign or veto it. The New York Times reported, October 12, that this bill might be permitted to become a law without being presented to the President. Four bills had become laws by default by October 20. It then was intimated again that the Volstead bill would be permitted to take the same course. Two days later the President signed four bills "after one of his best nights," and on October 27 he vetoed the Volstead bill. This occasioned much surprise, but the bill immediately was passed over his veto.

Dr. Grayson still was urging "that the President refrain as much as possible from doing any work." Many bills still were permitted to become laws without his signature. Congressmen carefully scanned Wilson's signatures, which did not seem natural, and some persons suspected that the President's hand had been guided.

IT is evident that the President was incapacitated. Somebody assumed the right to judge which bills should be presented to him and which should become laws without his signature. Whoever did this perpetrated a clear violation of the Constitution of the United States.

It would seem that those in charge of the stricken President were conscious of the irregularity of their acts. There is evidence of a deliberate attempt to evade the inability clause of the Constitution, since the necessity of permitting bills to become laws without executive action could easily have been avoided. A mere suggestion of the President's condition to the administration leaders in Congress would have made possible the retention of measures there. The ten days does not begin to run until the bill is presented to the President. This procedure had been followed during Wilson's European trip and was fresh in everybody's mind, yet it was not followed after his second stroke. Instead, the utmost secrecy was maintained to conceal his condition.

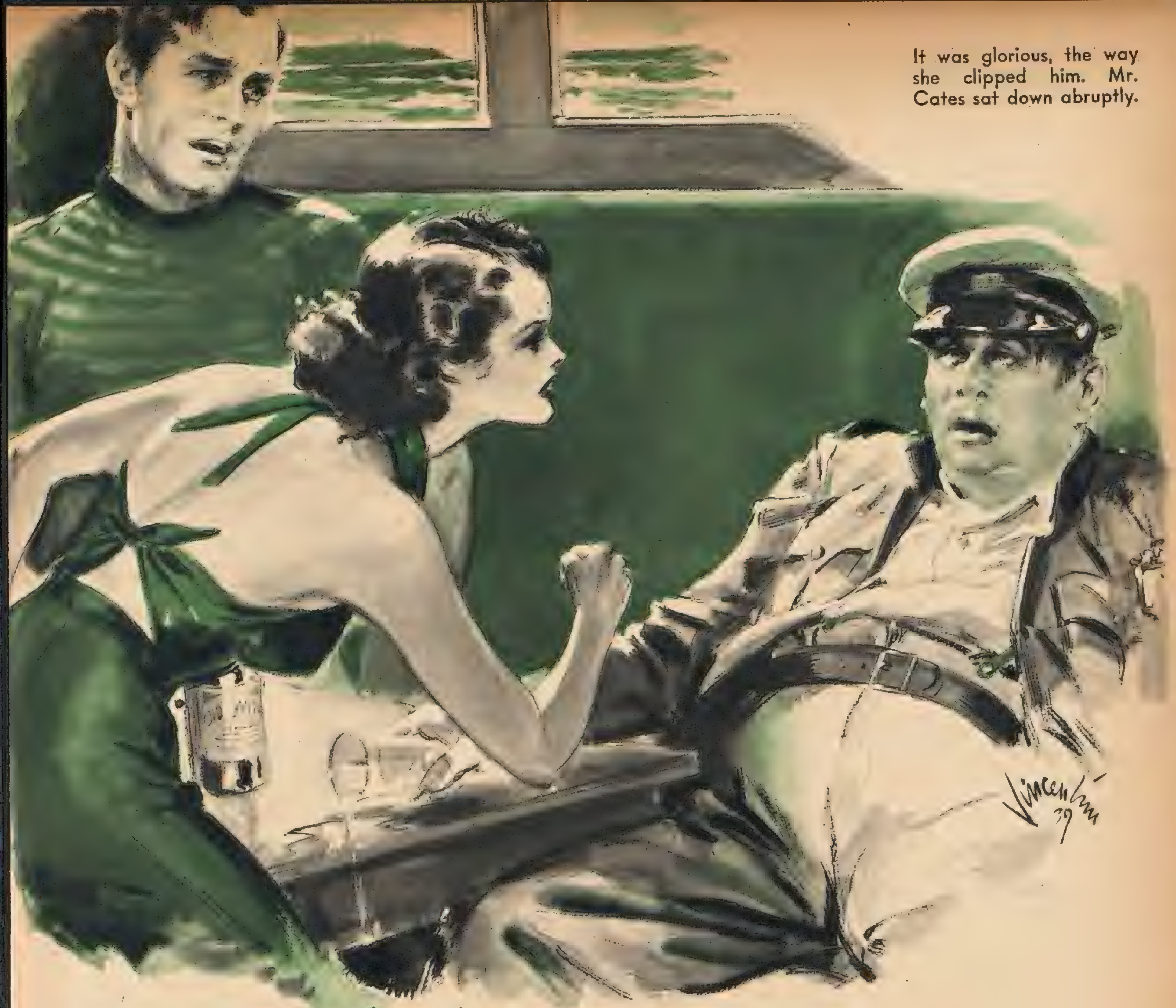
It may be possible to understand the mistakes made under emotional strain by the bedside guardians of a stricken President. Considering the circumstances existing in 1919 and 1920, some persons may even feel inclined to justify the censorship and secrecy. The guardians themselves may feel that the methods employed to maintain this secrecy were defensible. Even if all this is acknowledged, then still those guardians must answer for depriving the public, through nearly twenty years, of any adequate information concerning that crisis. Without this knowledge, Congress has been deprived of motivation to provide legislation clarifying and adequately supplementing the constitutional provisions for a transference of the Presidential powers in case of inability. Congress should now make such provision, because it is difficult and sometimes impossible to provide for such a contingency after it arises.

THE experience now available from the crisis of 1919-20 furnishes a guide for determining the provisions necessary. The general study of this problem should result in more adequate proposals than the following elementary suggestions. It would seem apparent, however, that an impartial commission should be established, with the power to determine Presidential inability. In 1919 no one knew who had the right to determine it. The members of this commission could be designated members of the judicial, legislative, and executive branches of the government, serving ex officio. The law creating it should authorize the summoning of expert diagnosticians. The publication of false information concerning the condition of a President should be declared a crime. If a President is pronounced unable to discharge the powers and duties of the office, these should pass to the Vice-President until such time as the inability of the President may be removed.

Two things should be guarded against: first, the existing situation in which the powers of a disabled President may pass into the hands of persons subject to no official control; second, the tendency to assume that recovering from a brain lesion is as simple as from a broken arm. The presumption should be that an official is competent as long as he has not been disabled. Once a President is disabled, the presumption should be that he remains so until there is clear evidence of adequate recovery. Reasonable elasticity should be allowed the designated committee in ordering the transference of the Presidential powers to the Vice-President.

A President may be completely incapacitated temporarily, and there may be no routine business or emergency that demands action by the Chief Executive. The essential danger from Presidential inability lies in the possibility of prolonged misrepresentation of his condition, however well intentioned, by bedside guardians.

THE END


It was glorious, the way she clipped him. Mr. Cates sat down abruptly.

# Hearts IN DANGER

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A new novel of West Indian waters and of men and women involved in a sultry mystery of life and death

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## PART TWO—THE FATAL ISLAND BECKONS

THEN Stanford Loors is a rat, huh?" I said as we sat there in the cockpit with the Angelfish hard on our tail. "Just what do you know about him, Mary?"

"Well, he owned a couple of rum-running boats in the old days," she replied. "But he never ran them. Too yellow. After repeal he went up North, I heard, and ran a high-class gambling joint just outside of Washington. He must have cleaned up plenty, because he showed up here about ten months ago with that big cruiser, bought Angelfish Cay, and built himself the swellest fishing lodge you ever cocked an eye at."

"Is this fishing lodge a commercial enterprise?"

"No. He just uses it to entertain his friends. I knew a boy from Green Turtle Cay who worked there gardening. He told me all they do is drink, gamble, and fish."

"I'm glad to hear he has plenty of money, anyway," I said. "Because now I've more faith in—*this*."

I handed her the check Loors had given me. For a minute she was speechless, her eyes popping. "A

### BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

whole grand!" she gasped at last. "Half of it is yours though, mister."

"I won't argue that with you now," I said. "I want to know what we're going to do with Loors and his girl friends. And—yes, with the fourth party they have aboard."

"Fourth party? But there were only four people listed on the papers, and one of them was Captain Archer."

"There's some one else aboard, just the same—if I'm to believe what the dark-haired girl told me."

"Man or woman?"

"Don't know."

I could feel her cool blue eyes watching me. "Look, honey. You want I should take them across the banks?"

"If you feel up to it. When can we get them to Angelfish Cay?"

"About noon tomorrow."

"And where will we spend tonight?"

"I'll have you at Allen's Cay before dark. There's a crawfish station there and a customs officer. You can clear in and we can get a good night's sleep. And tomorrow we can run down to Angelfish Cay by noon. How's it sound?"

"It sounds great," I said.

"It's a bet, then. Now you go to bed. You're dead on your feet—and I like my men alive."

"But I'm not tired," I argued. "Why don't you—"

"Get below, you lug, before I wrap a belaying pin around your neck."

"All right, all right."

I WENT below and turned in, in all my clothes. I felt a little lightheaded from fatigue and too much coffee and I didn't go to sleep immediately. I kept thinking about what a grand little girl Mary Moore was. I kept thinking how swell it would be to cruise the rest of the Bahamas with her, and the West Indies, and the Caribbean coast of South America, and the Galápagos, and the Marquesas, and Tahiti, and—

*Steady, you sap! Mary Moore is just a kid. And you have a job of work on your hands.*

Then I got to thinking of the Angelfish slogging along in our wake. I got to thinking of Stanford Loors, and of the blonde Mimi, and of Helen Fremont, and of the mysterious fourth party they were keeping under cover. And I got to thinking of the murder—if it was murder—of Captain Archer.

The gentle rolling of the yawl finally got me and I fell asleep.

When I awakened, there was almost no motion. I knew we must be on Little Bahama Bank.

I went on deck, and the sight of that water took my breath away. It was the most vivid shade of translucent green I ever saw. It didn't look like water at all. It looked like jade-green dye; and yet, staring over the side, I saw that it was crystal clear.

During the rest of the day I stared at that water for hours at a time, trying to convince myself it was actually a part of the Atlantic Ocean and not some fairyland we had blundered into.

We passed Mangrove Cay, a low islet covered with dense underbrush, a little after noon. Mary said we were making good time. By three o'clock we picked up several more low-lying islands, and within an hour she was taking us through a veritable maze of cays and reefs.

The Angelfish, once we got in among the reefs, had drawn closer to us, hanging in our wake with her sharp bow not thirty feet from our bumpkin. Mimi took the sun in a halter and shorts and seemed to be enjoying the trip. Helen Fremont and Loors, spelling one another at the wheel, looked worried. We didn't speak them all day, and we caught not a glimpse of the fourth party they were keeping so tightly under cover.

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## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BILL LOWELL, down from New York, hires Mary Moore to pilot his yawl, the Black Hawk, from West Palm Beach across the Gulf Stream to Settlement Point. Mary, although young, knows the waters well; she has sailed them with her brother, Captain Mike Moore, who was once a rum-runner.

That night she and Bill answer a distress signal from the Angelfish, a cruiser owned by Stanford Loors, who has built a large house on an isolated island, Angelfish Cay. Bill boards the cruiser and finds the owner, who is no seaman, at the wheel. Loors says that his skipper, Captain Archer, is drunk, and that he wants some one to help run the cruiser.

Just before Bill goes back to his yawl to consult with Mary, a beautiful blonde, who says her name is Mimi, stops him on deck and warns him to keep off the Angelfish. Bill suspects she may be drunk, and after a talk with Mary, who says she will stay on the yawl and lead the way, he goes back to the cruiser. He tells Loors that the trip will cost him a thousand dollars and gets a check for that amount made out to Mary Moore.

While he is at the wheel, a second woman appears, this time a brunette. She says her name is Helen Fremont, and reports that there is a secret passenger aboard the cruiser. She won't say who it is. Bill becomes more and more suspicious of Loors, and that suspicion deepens when Loors comes up from below and announces that Captain Archer cannot be found—that he must have jumped or fallen overboard.

Dawn comes, and Bill turns the wheel over to Loors and boards the Black Hawk. When he tells Mary of the captain's disappearance, she says: "This Loors is a rat. And Captain Archer didn't fall. Captain Archer was *pushed.*"

---

At five that afternoon, with the sun still well above the horizon, we rounded the southern point of a large flat island. "Allen's Cay!" Mary announced cheerfully.

We nosed into a bight and dropped our hook in a hundred yards from shore. There were two large schooners near us and twenty or thirty Bahamian dinghies were pulled up on the beach. On shore there were dozens of men, white and black, all watching the Black Hawk and the Angelfish.

"Look, skipper," Mary said. "Have you got a quarantine flag aboard this packet?"

"I bought one in West Palm."

"Then haul it up and let's get cleared in."

I went below and got the yellow flag, and as I was hoisting it I saw that Loors had dropped his hook a hundred feet astern of us. He and the two girls were standing on the foredeck, watching us.

"We'll take you on to Angelfish in the morning," I yelled at him.

"Why not tonight?" he came back.

"The crust of the lug!" Mary muttered. "He *knows* it isn't safe to navigate these waters at night."

"No can do," I shouted at Loors.

"Then you'll row over later and have a drink with us?"

"Do our best."

"And your best," Mary Moore remarked sarcastically, "will be pretty good, I think. How about getting on them gaskets?"

"Oke. How about throwing together some chow?"

"You want I should get supper?"

"If you like."

She was beaming now. "Sure thing, honey."

AS I finished furling the sails I saw a white dinghy put out from shore. It was flying the British flag and was sculled by a tremendously fat man in faded khaki. As he came past us, headed for the Angelfish, he nodded and called, "Be with you very shortly, captain."

Mary, when I went below, told me he was Jonothan Cates, the customs officer, and a more reprehensible rascal (though those were not her words) never lived in the Bahamas.

We were topping off our dinner with cookies and coffee when we heard a hail and the fat customs man came aboard. I invited him down into the cabin.

I was surprised to note how young he was—not more than twenty-five, I decided. He had a babyish face, very red and as round as the moon. His eyes were pale blue and small. A wisp of downy mustache grew on his upper lip. He smelled to heaven of whisky.

"Pleasant trip?" he asked, watching Mary with brazenly lascivious eyes as she started to clear away the dishes.

"So-so," I said. "The Stream was pretty rough."

"That's what Mr. Loors says. Lucky you came along when you did. Terrible thing, Captain Archer falling overboard, what? Only proves the old adage, 'Liquor and water don't mix,' eh?"

I got the hint and hauled out a bottle of Scotch, and he stopped looking at Mary while I poured a good-sized tumbler half full of liquor.

"Well, here's luck."

He downed the drink in two swallows and licked his lips with the tip of a small pointed tongue.

"Now, sir, your papers," he said importantly.

I brought out the ship's papers and he started pawing through them.

"Everything seems to be in order," he said finally. "Except—" He looked at Mary Moore. Her face had paled and there was no mistaking the angry flame in her eyes.

"Go on," I prompted.

"Are you married to Miss Moore?"

"No," I said. "Why?"

He folded my papers and handed them back to me.

"This—er—situation will require a ruling from Nassau," he declared pompously.

I was boiling and I didn't dare argue with him. Never had I so longed to jam my fist into a smug fat face.

"How long will that take?" I asked.

"H'm. Let's see. . . . It will take, Mr. Lowell, about two weeks."

This man, I knew, was the law, the court of first and last appeal. I had to keep my temper, handle him with gloves, or my plans would be all shot.

I poured him another drink.

"You referred to a—situation, Mr. Cates," I said. "What did you mean by that?"

He looked at Mary, grinned, and I almost hit him then and there.

"It is against the law, you know, to transport—er—ah—well, shall we say ladies of easy virtue?"

By heaven, it was glorious, the way she clipped him! No ladylike slap, mind you, but a good swinging right that landed smack on the button. Mr. Cates sat down abruptly on the starboard bunk. His flushed face went white, and then blossomed red again. Then he literally bounced off the bunk and put one vicious but not very punishing jab into Mary's ribs before *I* hit him. He went down sidewise, tearing the cabin table out by the roots. I jerked him up, sat him on the bunk.

MR. CATES," I said, "you'll clear me into the Bahamas and then you'll get the hell off my boat!"

"You can't do this," he bellowed. "I'm a servant of the King and—"

"Belay it, mug," Mary sneered. "Bill, he's just a lousy fisherman with a little drag in Nassau. He gets himself deputized during the crawfish season for what graft he can collect."

"Here's a pen, Mr. Cates," I said. "Sign my papers."

I must have sounded pretty ominous. He took the pen and, in a shaking scrawl, signed his name.

"The fee," he rasped, "is six shillings."

I gave him a dollar and a half. He got up without a word, and I followed him up the companion on to the deck. He tumbled into his dinghy and I cast off the painter. When he was ten feet from the boat he suddenly roared:

"You two are under arrest for assaulting a servant of the King! And I'll come and get you as soon as I collect a posse. When I get through with you—"

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I went below and left him sounding off as he sculled toward the shore. Mary was standing by the broken table, biting her lips to keep back the tears.

"Lord, Bill, I'm so sorry—so awful sorry. Because it's really all my fault. I've been fighting off that lug for the last two years, and he's sore at me. He was drunk enough to think he saw a chance to get back at me and at the same time slap a nice fine on you."

"What do you think of his threat to gather a posse and arrest us?"

"He'll do it, Bill," Mary said miserably. "If only it wasn't night, we'd take it on the lam. Once we're out of his district, we could tell him where to go. The chief commissioner at Green Turtle would laugh at him. So would Nassau. But here at Allen's he's—he's the whole works."

"Is there a power boat around here he could use to chase us?"

"No."

"Then start the motor and I'll break out the anchor," I said grimly. "Loors wanted to go tonight, didn't he? All right, he'll go."

Mary started the motor and I broke out the anchor, hauled it in, got it on deck.

"Swing close aboard the Angelfish," I called as I went aft along the deck.

THERE were lights in the main cabin abaft the pilothouse, and when I shouted, Loors hurried on deck.

"Hoist your anchor, Loors!" I shouted. "We're on our way to Angelfish."

He stared at me. "I thought you decided not to go tonight."

"We changed our minds."

Mimi joined him at the rail and they talked for a minute or two while Mary swung the Black Hawk in a tight circle around the cruiser. When we came by again, Loors called, "O. K., Lowell."

We took another swing around the cruiser. On shore there were several campfires. In front of one of them, amongst a cluster of men, I saw the wide gross figure of Jonothan Cates.

I glanced at Mary. "Will Cates try to follow us in a sailboat?"

She shook her head. "The wind's wrong, what little there is. He wouldn't have a prayer."

When we came around the cruiser this time, Loors had his anchor up and we could hear the steady throb of his engines.

"All set?" I called.

"All set," he replied.

We headed out of the harbor, skirted the southerly point of the island, and then veered eastward.

"Bill," Mary said.

"Yes?"

"You like me?"

"You're a swell girl, Mary."

"Look, honey. If you like people, you try to do things that'll please them, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Then do this for me, honey," she went on quickly. "Drop Loors and his two girls at Angelfish and go on your way. Why stick your neck out?"

"Listen, Mary," I said. "What I am or why I am interested in these people needn't, for the time being, concern you. I've a hunch that opportunity is ringing my doorbell. If my hunch is right, I'll be in danger. Plenty. And you, as long as you stick with me, will be in danger too. How about it?"

"How about what?" she demanded truculently.

"You contracted only to pilot me across the Stream to West End. This other business is none of your making and I wouldn't blame you in the least if you pulled out of it. We could drop that cruiser where it would be safe, and we could go on alone to Green Turtle. I could leave you there, pick up another pilot, and come back—"

Mary Moore said: "The clouds ahead are breaking a little. It may be clear when the moon comes up, and that won't be so good. Be in my eyes."

That was her only answer and, to avoid offending her, I didn't press the subject further. The hours slipped past: eight, nine, ten o'clock.

We were passing, now, through a maze of small uninhabited cays. Some of them I could see, their black treeless bulk lying low on the near horizon. Others I could only sense, or smell, as Mary Moore skirted around them. The water here, completely protected, was almost mirror-smooth.

Several times Mary glanced back at the Angelfish, and finally, just as the rising moon was breaking through the clouds, she said, "He'll never make it—not the way he's steering. He's following us instead of following our wake. He's cutting the corners, and you can't do that when the channel is only twenty feet wide in places. I'll have to put you aboard to steer the packet."

"How much further do we have to go?" I asked.

"About twelve miles. I'll have you there right after midnight—if we get there at all."

"All right. Say when."

"I'll slow down at this next bight and yell to him to come alongside. And if he rams us it'll be just too bad."

SHE cut the motor a few minutes later and the cruiser came rather neatly up beside us. Loors was learning fast. And then, as the door to the pilothouse swung open, I saw that Helen Fremont, not Loors, was at the wheel.

"Anything wrong?" she called.

"Nothing wrong but your steering," I said. "I'm coming aboard."

I caught the rail and swung on to the deck of the cruiser. I climbed up to the pilothouse, and as I went in I heard some one hurrying down the interior companionway. Helen Fremont was alone in the house.

"I'll take over, if you don't mind. The channel is very narrow and we've got to follow right down the middle of the yawl's wake. Where is Loors?"

"Loors is below. He's drunk." Her voice was flat and lifeless, very tired. She sat down in a chair, stretched her legs, relaxed. "I'm glad you came. I'm dead."

"Couldn't Mimi spell you?"

"Mimi," she sighed, "is drunk too."

I thought of those hurrying footsteps I'd heard when I came into the pilothouse. They had not been made by a drunken man, nor by a drunken woman. And some one, certainly not Helen Fremont, had recently smoked a cigar here.

MY fingers, as I twirled the wheel, were tingling. "Have you had to steer all the way from Allen's Cay?"

"Yes, all the way. Loors has been practically maudlin for the last couple of hours. He doesn't usually drink, but he got started with that awful Cates person. He hasn't been up here since eight."

I thought about that for a minute.

Then Helen said, "And no, I don't smoke cigars. What do you make of that?"

"Who's your mysterious passenger, Helen?"

She was lighting a cigarette; she did not reply.

"So you won't talk," I said.

"So I can't talk."

There was silence for about ten minutes.

Then, "How much do you know, Bill?" Helen asked abruptly. "About Stanford Loors, I mean."

"I never heard of the man until I boarded the Angelfish last night. I'm not up on my gamblers—nor my gangsters."

"Loors is neither a gambler nor a gangster."

"Didn't he own a gambling joint near Washington?"

"Owners of gambling joints, Bill, are not gamblers."

"Didn't he run liquor during prohibition?"

"Does that make him a gangster? Lots of pretty decent people owned rumrunning ships in those days."

"Most people hold that a man who conspires to violate the law is not a decent person. If Loors is a respectable citizen, what's wrong with my visiting his fishing lodge?"

"Loors doesn't want you to come to Angelfish. And you really haven't much excuse for putting in there if he tells you to stay away."

"No more excuse than to pilot him home, which he asked me to do. Do you want a better one than that?"

"There's a little bay in a place called Heart Cay. It's about a mile from Angelfish, a mile of wide channel, easy going. He'll ask you to leave him there."

"And if I insist on going on with him?" I asked.

"Why should you?"

"For one thing, I'd like to find out about this Archer business."

"Is it any affair of yours?" she asked calmly.

"Not at all. I'm merely curious."

"What other reason have you for forcing your way to Angelfish?"

"I'd like to find out who this mysterious passenger is."

"Again, is it any affair of yours?"

"No, it isn't," I admitted.

"What other reason?"

"I'm interested in Loors."

"Why? He's just a wealthy not too pleasant eccentric. Why do you concern yourself with him?"

"What's he doing in the Bahamas?" I demanded.

"Enjoying himself, entertaining his friends, having a good time—after his fashion."

"But why the Bahamas?"

"Why not? He's crazy about deep-sea fishing, and there's no better fishing in the world than around Angelfish."

"It's all plausible enough," I admitted, "except this Archer matter."

"Captain Archer *could* have fallen overboard."

"Do you think he did?"

She was silent, puffing nervously on the third cigarette she had smoked since I came aboard. She finally flipped it out the starboard window, rose and came and stood beside me, watching the yawl.

"Look, Bill. Are you by any chance a G-man?"

"Helen, you ought to quit reading those comic strips. I am not a G-man, a federal agent, an immigration inspector, nor a detective. I'm a private citizen."

"Because if you are," she went on, ignoring my statement, "and have the idea that Loors is smuggling anything—liquor or dope or aliens—you're off on the wrong foot. Loors is not—I give you my word—engaged in any sort of illegal activity. That's the truth, Bill."

"I believe you," I told her.

"Then why do you persist in intruding?"

"You sound like Mimi."

"Has she been warning you too?" Helen asked.

"Yes. Last night. I told you about it."

"Oh, yes. Mimi likes you."

"Why? She doesn't know me."

"Well, that's Mimi. She likes a person, or dislikes him, the minute she lays eyes on him. And her judgments of people are nearly always sound."

"When she first saw me it was virtually pitch-dark."

"She sees like a cat."

"So she told me. However, I think I've met Mimi's type before. I'd much rather talk about you."

"Sorry. I—"

"HIYA, Lowell? How's goin', old man?"

It was Loors. He had silently come up the stairs behind us and now stood at Helen's elbow. How long he had been there, how much he had heard of our conversation, I had no way of knowing. But the very presence of the man gave me goose pimples. I was allergic to him as some people are allergic to snakes.

"What time we due Angelfish?" Loors asked thickly. He swayed with the slight roll of the cruiser, caught hold of the chart table, and stood there bent over, leaning on one elbow.

"If we make it," I said, "we'll be there a little after midnight."

"Good. Gang'll all be up. We— Hey, what you mean, if we make it? That Moore wench could take us down this channel blindfolded."

"I hope you're right. I haven't any insurance on my boat and I'd hate to have her bottom torn out on a coral head."

"Well, if you lose your boat I'll buy you a new one. That's the kind of a guy I am." He flung his arm around Helen Fremont. "Ain't that right, kid?"

"That's right, Mr. Loors."

And this was the man who didn't want me to get to Angelfish. It didn't make sense.

"Look here, Lowell, you're not in any rush, are you?"

"No, not particularly."

"Good. Want you to spend few days with me at my fishing lodge. Show you some fine sport. Meet some swell people. How about it?"

"I think I'd enjoy it very much. Thank you."

"Stan Loors, have you gone completely nuts?"

This from Mimi, who, like Loors, had come up the companionway on noiseless feet. The thin man dropped

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his arm from Helen, whirled around on the balls of his feet. Suddenly he didn't seem drunk any more.

"Stan, you know—"

"Shut up!"

"I won't shut up! What do you think you're doing, inviting this—"

I only heard it—I didn't see it because I was watching the wake of the Black Hawk. But I heard a thump and then the thud of a falling body. As I turned, Loors was bending over Mimi, who lay sprawled on the deck of the pilothouse. Helen Fremont did not even turn.

"Sorry to do this," Loors growled, "but the little wench knows better than to talk up to me. Help me pick her up, Lowell, and I'll carry her below."

I gave Helen the wheel and helped Loors gather up the limp Mimi, who, I suspected, was more drunk than hurt. He started toward the companionway on steady feet. Mimi wasn't heavy, but he carried her like a feather. The man was a lot stronger than he looked, a lot less drunk than he had acted.

"That invitation, Lowell, still holds."

"Thank you. So does my acceptance."

He went down the stairs and I took the wheel from Helen.

"Nice guy," I remarked.

"Yes, a lovely character," Helen replied bitterly. "But think nothing of it, Bill. You'll get used to that sort of thing if you stay at Angelfish."

I thought about it for a minute, said: "'Show you some fine sport. Meet some nice people.' Well, well!"

"Bill Lowell, you're *not* going to stay, are you?" Helen asked earnestly.

"At Angelfish? Certainly I'm going to stay. Just as long as he'll have me. Why not?"

She did not answer my question.

Seven bells struck.

Now, a half hour before midnight, the clouds had disappeared, and the moon, streaming into the pilothouse of the Angelfish, was two hours above the horizon. The wind had died completely and the sea was a blue-green silvery mirror splashed with brilliance by the Black Hawk's propeller.

A long barren cay stretched out on our starboard hand, its highest point not ten feet above sea level. It was so close I could have thrown a baseball on to its gleaming white beach. Off to port, perhaps half a mile away, was a whole group of cays, dozens of them. The largest was not more than an acre or two in area; the smallest seemed no bigger than a pocket handkerchief. Not one boasted a tree or a distinguishable shrub.

"They certainly don't look much like the tropic islands you see in the movies," I remarked to Helen Fremont. "Where are the palms?"

"They were all swept away, I'm told, in the hurricane of '36."

"And speaking of hurricanes," I said, "hasn't it been a bit foolish of Loors, and of you too for that matter, to stay in the Bahamas through the hurricane season?"

"Not so foolish. There is always plenty of warning—down here. And the lodge on Angelfish is hurricane-proof. But if you want to go a step further, aren't you foolish yourself? The season isn't over, you know, and it wouldn't be very nice to be caught at sea in that little yawl in a real blow."

"I'm a complete fatalist, Helen."

"You must be, if you insist upon going to Angelfish."

"We're almost there now, aren't we?"

"I wouldn't know. I've never been through these cays at night and everything looks different."

"Mary Moore said she'd have us there a little after midnight and she hasn't slowed down."

"Nor run aground. It's uncanny, really. I know that this section of the run is literally studded with reefs and shoals and coral. How she can find her way through them is beyond me. She must have a sixth sense."

"She thinks she has, but not along that line. She's afraid to have me go to Angelfish Cay."

Helen laughed. "So am I."

"Mary says I'm sticking my neck out."

"And still you persist—when Mimi and Mary and I all warn you."

"Three smart girls."

"I don't think any of us is so dumb. But let's not talk about it any more. You're going, and that's that. But I warn you, Bill Lowell—"

Her voice broke, and I glanced at her. She was standing straight and tense. In the moonlight which streamed into the pilothouse she looked deathly white and drawn and tired, and a little frightened.

"I warn you, Bill Lowell," she repeated, more steadily, "if you stay on that island for one day, you will never leave it alive."

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*What danger waits on Angelfish Cay? What dark secrets lurk there? Next week's installment finds Bill and Mary on Loors' closely guarded island, face to face with a mystery that may menace their very lives.*

## ☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

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★★★ **HERE'S NEW ENGLAND.** Federal Writers' Project. Houghton Mifflin Company.

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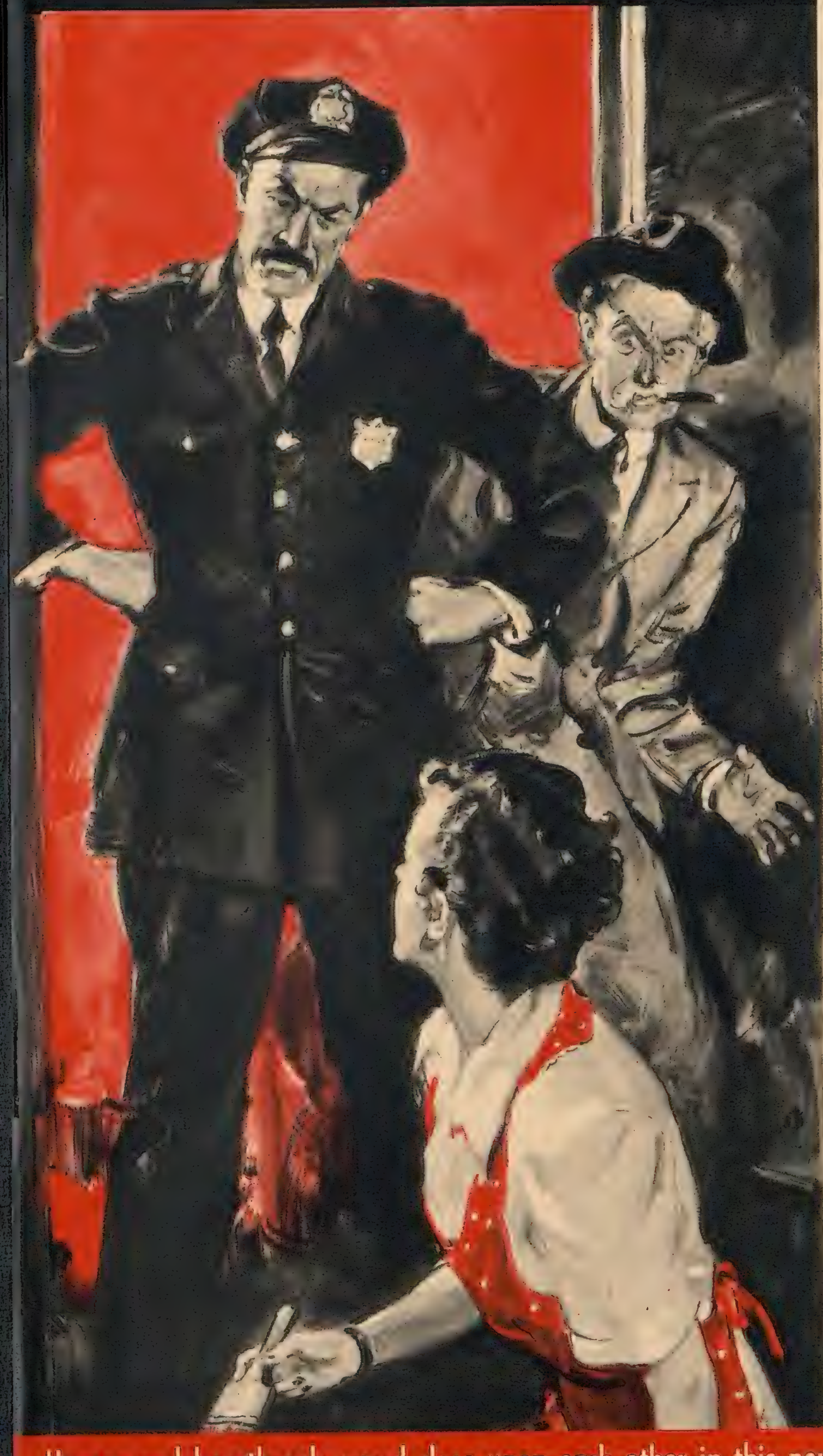
# SURPRISE PARTY

## AMERICAN FAMILY

### BY ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG

**READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS**



A man in uniform was standing in the open door. Behind him hovered a smaller man, old, grim-faced.

THE American standard of living varies according to the individual yardstick—and the measuring rod of the Tates had set them a standard at a cloudy height computed in millions. So it was no wonder that Carol Tate and her children looked a bit disparagingly at the commonplace little southern California town as they drove down its main street.

"Here's the funny post office," Carol said, and angled the spattered old secondhand car in to the curb.

"San Carlos!" Douglas, the twelve-year-old, sang out, reading the lettering on the window. "We're here!" He glanced at the mileage. "Almost thirty-nine hundred since we left New York." Then, protestingly, "Only three more to go, mother!"

"I know. But there'll be letters from your daddy piled up because we've been delayed by the car repairs."

Jonathan, the eldest son, was already hopping out. Suspense showed on all their faces; for, though there had been cheering letters at infrequent intervals along the way, none of them could forget Rodney Tate's emaciated face on his hospital pillow.

They could see Jonathan's tall lean figure at the General Delivery window, and then he rushed back to them with a fistful of letters—and a telegram. Carol's lovely patrician face blanched, her eyes sharpened with fright. But she seized the telegram and tore it open. The others waited, silent, fearful.

She laughed suddenly, a queer choked version of her usually delicious chuckle. "Oh, glory, glory, glory! He's coming, darlings! He's leaving tonight on the train!"

"Whoops!" Douglas' small-boy squeal was drowned by Paula's insistent "Is he well enough, mother?" and by little Binnie's "Oh, I'm so glad, mummy!" Jonathan couldn't speak, but his eyes behind his glasses glistened suspiciously; he was only seventeen.

Carol read the letters. Rodney had improved steadily while they were touring west, and though his doctor

Humor and heartbreak crowd close upon each other in this new story of the indomitable Tates did not advise it, he was coming to them at once when discharged from the hospital.

Jonathan's young shoulders squared. "We'll have to hustle," he said, "to get everything shipshape for him!"

"Oh, let's hurry!" Carol stuffed the letters into her handbag. "We haven't even seen the place yet!"

"Look—wait a minute, mother!" Paula was out of the car in an instant, McGraw, the collie, bounding after her, and heading for the window of a furniture shop displaying garden furniture. The others followed her, ranging themselves along the window. Paula was pointing excitedly at a long garden chair with thick tufted cushions of joyous blue.

"For dad!" she said triumphantly. "He has to practically live outdoors in the sun."

"Perfect," Jonathan approved; "out on the veranda."

"We have some money left from the trip," Binnie reminded her mother proudly.

They all knew there were some traveler's checks left—and only because—inexperienced youngsters that they were—they had sacrificed to balance their first budget.

Carol studied the price tag. "Not enough for that, I'm afraid," she said reluctantly. "But perhaps we could manage the other one—after we're settled."

"OH, mother!" Paula, at fifteen, always selected the best. "Not that flimsy striped canvas thing—it's in frightful taste!"

"We'll have to see," Carol said patiently, "how we come out. On our way, now!" She herded them into the car. "Watch for a sign, 'George Howard, Real Estate.'"

Douglas saw it first, on a picturesque little shack flanked by blackboards advertising "Small Farms, Acreage, Bargains."

Mr. Howard was away, an ineffectual little woman informed Carol, on a fishing trip. "The slack season, you know," she apologized. "But I am his wife."

"I'm Mrs. Rodney Tate from New York, and we bought a place near San Carlos through Mr. Howard—by correspondence."

Mrs. Howard began to flutter through the files, and Carol helped her: "We bought it from a man named R. D. Fallon, and—"

"Mercy!" The woman was staring at Carol in amazement. "Did you buy old man Fallon's place?"

"Why, what's the matter?" Carol demanded.

"Nothing, only—" The woman looked them over eloquently. "I didn't know. He's been trying to sell it for years. You just drive south on the highway, and after you cross a bridge it's the first house on the right. You'll know it by the big tree." She selected a key from a rack above the desk. "Here's your key."

The children all looked at the key with expectant interest—the key that was to unlock their adventurous future. Carol saw the look with a sinking of the heart. This key was not going to open the way to beauty and luxury—the only standard of living they knew.

Their chatter as they drove on added to her unrest: "The man said there were trees. . . . Two stories. . . . A veranda. . . . A white picket fence. . . ." It became a chant of anticipation. "Two bedrooms downstairs, aren't there, mother?" That was Doug. "I'll take one and Jonathan the other."

Carol said, trying to be gay about it, "There are three bedrooms altogether, and *one* bath," and thought of their former charming rooms, each with its own bath.

THERE was a blank silence for half a mile. Then Jonathan spoke: "I hadn't figured that out—how do we do, mother?"

"Double up. You and Doug, Paula and Binnie—"

"Goodness!" Paula objected, and then compromised: "It'll really be my room, because Binnie isn't old enough to care much."

Binnie said wistfully: "I just want it to be like *our* house. I want it to *feel* just the same."

Carol sighed distractedly. How were they all to get adjusted in the small time before Rodney came? Then Douglas shouted:

"We're coming to the bridge! Hold everything!"

The old car rumbled across the bridge. Carol slowed down. They were all gazing eagerly to the right. A great eucalyptus tree towered against the sky. Then they saw, under its somber down-pointing leaves, a gaunt weather-beaten house.

Carol stopped the car before the sagging gate. There was a picket fence, and it had once been white, but it was mostly in the ditch. The Tates stared from it up to the windows masked with yellowed newspapers. One window was broken. There was a veranda on the south side, but it sagged in the center.

Carol spoke out of a dreadful silence: "This can't be it!"

Jonathan said heavily, "'R. D. Fallon' is on the mailbox."

They summoned up courage to get out of the car. A man passing in a light truck slowed to let them get out of his way.

Carol asked him incredulously, "Is this the Fallon place?"

"Sure is," he grinned. "Some say it's haunted!"

"What did he mean?" Binnie asked as he drove on.

"Haunted by ghosts," Jonathan said shortly.

"Rats!" said Douglas.

McGraw was the only happy member of the family, plunging off across the yard. The rest straggled in single file up the rutted walk littered with leaves and branches from the eucalyptus. The breeze flapped the torn paper in the broken window. They went gingerly up the warped steps.

A series of hoarse honks made them all jump, and they turned to see a familiar overloaded old touring car coming to a stop.

"The S-Springers!" Jonathan stuttered.

Their companions of the road! The kindly Iowans on their way to visit their "folks" in California. Blessings they had proved to be on the overland trek, but it was more than Paula could bear for them to see her family's humiliation now. She hung back as Carol advanced to the rotten old steps, calling out greetings.

"Everything all right, Mrs. Tate?" That had been Mr. Springer's invariable query since the first day he had helped them with a tire. He came through the gate and slouched toward them, lean, lanky, smiling, while Mrs. Springer urged her gingham-clad bulk through the car door behind him. He seemed not to notice Carol's inability to answer cheerfully.

"We're almost home," he said. "Only twenty-five miles more to go. What's this? A tourist camp?"

"Seems abandoned," Mrs. Springer panted at his heels.

Mr. Springer had started up the steps when they collapsed. There was a sudden alarming crash and a cloud of dust. He leaped to safety, then turned and inspected the rotten wood.

"Termites," he said briefly.

"What's that?" Binnie asked fearfully.

"These little winged ants. They eat the wood. Bore inside till it's only a shell. That's why the porch sags. Likely they've et the foundations and the whole house'll fall in."

"Oh!" Carol cried. "And we've bought it, Mr. Springer!"

"You—what?" His mild eyes were aghast.

Mrs. Springer intervened hastily: "Now, Joe, you don't *know* as that's true. That's a grand tree—and it's a lovely location." She smiled reassuringly at Carol. "It's probably fine inside."

"Pollyanna!" Paula muttered fiercely in her mother's ear.

"Let's go and see," Carol said drearily.

IN the dim silent living room, a musty smell assailed their nostrils. Cobwebs hung in the corners, dust thick on them. Something rustled across the ceiling.

"'Partly furnished,'" Carol quoted, looking at the brokendown sofa, the table, the two wooden chairs.

Even Mrs. Springer fell silent as, going from room to room, they came upon the broken old linoleum in the kitchen, the wood stove on three legs, the greasy gas plate, the sour wooden sinkboard. They creaked up the narrow dark stairway leading from the kitchen to the attic bedroom with its one small window. The rest of the attic disappeared into darkness, unfinished, laden with the dust of years. All the bedrooms were dismal with cheap bureaus and scarred iron beds. Mr. Springer studied the stained walls and ceilings.

"Roof leaks," he announced, "but the rainy season's over. That broken window, now, and the steps—fix them right away."

Carol sank down on a wooden chair. "I don't know where to begin."

"Pshaw, now!" Mrs. Springer said heartily. "You just do one thing at a time. What it needs first is cleaning."

Carol kept herself from saying "I don't know how," because it seemed such a foolish admission. She felt Binnie's touch on her arm.

"Mummy, where's the bathroom?"

Carol put her hand to her head. "Why, where is it? I know Mr. Howard said—" She left the room abruptly to locate it.

Mrs. Springer jerked a thumb toward the window. "Out there in the little house, Binnie. I saw it when we drove up."

When Carol came back, uneasy and perplexed, Binnie rushed in, large-eyed and wondering.

"Mummy, I just peeked in the little house, for there was a big cobweb there. It's not a bathroom at all! There wasn't any tub—but a long sort of seat. A telephone book —but no telephone—"

Carol was staring at the Springers, horrified. "You don't suppose—" she burst out, and stopped.

"My, my!" Mrs. Springer said cheeringly. "It's a real old-fashioned farm."

Carol exploded: "It's selling under false pretenses! 'Farmhouse type,' that man dared to write, 'with modern conveniences'—and he's *gone fishing!* . . . Oh, I can't bear to have Mr. Tate know we've been cheated! And he's coming—Saturday—and he's just out of hospital. He can't stay in this mess!"

THE Springers looked at each other for a long moment. "We don't need," she said, "to get to Mary's till tomorrow night for her birthday party—"

The wrinkles around Mr. Springer's eyes deepened with his slow smile. "We can light in and help these folks redd up."

"Oh, *no*—" Carol began to protest.

Mrs. Springer moved like an armored tank over all the objections and began organizing the foray on dirt and neglect:

"You menfolks bring the cars up. I've got everything —soap, powder, mop, broom—sometimes I need 'em in a cabin camp. This here stick is some account, too—" She thrust a worn broom into Paula's beautiful hands. "Doug, you put water on to boil. This gas is working. Binnie, you ain't too little to get the cobwebs off the walls—" She stopped and looked sharply at Paula's inexpert wielding of the broom. "Mean to say you don't know how to sweep?"

"N-no," Paula admitted humbly.

Mrs. Springer turned on the girl's mother a look of amazement and reproach, and Carol said:

"We have to learn everything from scratch, as Doug says. Money, up till now, has immunized us from labor."

Mrs. Springer nodded. "And now—you've lost the money. That's what Joe and I had figured out about you. Well, more power to you, because it won't be easy. S'pose you and the kids do the dining room and leave me the kitchen."

The Tates attacked the cleaning furiously but clumsily, speaking no word. Finally Carol sat down and put her head in her hands. The children looked at her and one by one ceased trying and collapsed beside her.

The vigorous scrubbing in the kitchen was interrupted by Mr. Springer's voice. The motionless Tates heard him say cautiously, "Ma, I'm afraid they've been gypped."

"Sh-h-h," Mrs. Springer warned, and then, "Maybe she got it at a bargain. Anyway, nothing's ever hopeless —if you put your mind and a strong arm to it." The rub-a-dub-dub was resumed, punctuated by Mrs. Springer's voice raised in song: "Onward, Christian so-o-oldiers—"

The Tates looked sheepishly at each other. Carol said with a wry smile: "Pollyanna—with a dash of Hercules." They returned quickly to their tasks.

Dark fell after what seemed an endless struggle, and Mrs. Springer sat them down, aching and sore, to pan-

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cakes and syrup and bacon. As they sat about the clean dining table they were even able to laugh, until a scurrying overhead set Paula off on ghosts.

Douglas said derisively: "Aw, we had a cook once who tried to scare me with ghost stories—but I showed her they were mice." He stalked out of the room loftily with a stack of dishes.

"No signs of mice here!" Mrs. Springer praised happily.

But the noises overhead attracted their attention again. This time they were louder, more positive. Cautious smothered sounds, like steps. They stared up at the ceiling, quaking, the house seeming strange and foreboding.

"Do—do you hear chains clanking?" Paula whispered.

Mr. Springer cleared his throat loudly. "Nonsense!" he said, but he too continued to stare at the ceiling.

They waited, listening. The sound of measured steps from above was unmistakable. They started nervously to their feet. There was an ominous cracking sound and a shower of white dust fell on their upturned faces. Paula screamed. Chunks of the ceiling fell, and then a pair of sturdy squirming legs abruptly thrust themselves through the hole in a rain of plaster.

"Doug!" Carol gasped. Mr. Springer leaped on the table, eased the boy down through the jagged hole, and shook him soundly.

"I was just looking for the ghost," Douglas told them.

Mr. Springer regarded the gaping hole. "Just as well it happened now. I been suspicious of that damp spot. I'll fix it tomorrow, along with the window and the steps and porch."

IT was while they were cleaning up the plaster that Mr. Springer glanced over his shoulder into the kitchen and froze in his tracks. He stared fixedly, making elaborate gestures for silence and caution to the others. "That's the ghost!" he whispered hoarsely. They came to startled attention, chilled by his behavior, and moved cautiously to follow his gaze. Then the Tates all relaxed. It was only Binnie—stroking a cat. Mr. Springer was acting as if it were a tiger! Mrs. Springer was trembling visibly. The Tates watched the Springers, dismayed to see their invincibility thus shaken.

"Binnie, honey," Mr. Springer croaked in a weak voice, "don't scare the kitty. Give it some bacon. . . . Lord, I never saw one so tame! . . . Then stand up . . . open the kitchen door . . . come in here. Be *very quiet*—" His voice was quavering strangely. "Don't run—"

Binnie was obediently carrying out each order in turn, and when she tiptoed away from the kitchen and Mr. Springer closed the door behind her, he fell limply into a chair.

"What on earth?" Jonathan demanded.

"A wood-pussy, dear," Mrs. Springer told him delicately.

"No use prettying it up," Mr. Springer said sternly. "It's a polecat!" He crossed to the window and peered out. "Must have been living in the attic, going up and down those kitchen stairs—"

"Is it—is it dangerous?" Binnie whispered.

"Mighty inconvenient if— Thank the Lord, there he goes!"

A black-and-white streak crossed the bar of light from the window. Excited barking from McGraw and a larger streak, this time of tan and brown fur, crossed the bar of light. . . .

Mr. Springer turned around. His wife and the Tate family were holding their noses and coughing into handkerchiefs. "That's what I meant," he explained mildly.

"*In our house!*" Paula said when she could speak.

McGRAW was in disgrace after that. Mr. Springer put him in the barn. Moreover, he was deeply humiliated, being unable, no matter how hard he scrubbed one paw against another, to remove the hated scent. His long pedigree, stretching back through generations of aristocracy, failed to prepare him for this strange calamity.

In the morning, when Jonathan came back from shoving food and water to the dog, he asked anxiously: "Mother, do you suppose it will injure his morale permanently? A complex?"

Mrs. Springer answered him: "A collie comes from a line of stock that didn't used to be pampered. You can always bank on good stanch blood." She smiled affectionately around at the Tates.

"I'm going into town," Carol said. "Can't I get him a deodorant?"

Mr. Springer shook his head. "You soak 'em," he explained. "I'll soak him pretty soon. Lucky he didn't get a full dose—or I'd 'a' had to anchor him in the crick. Here's my list of lumber and glass and so forth."

"Thank you, Mr. Springer. Now let me see. . . . I'll have our trunks sent out from the freight office—then we'll have sheets." They had spent the night on the clean scrubbed floors, the Springers with their sleeping bags, the Tates on the blankets they had brought with them. Carol had said she couldn't sleep on the beds, and Mrs. Springer had agreed promptly, adding mysteriously over Binnie's head, "Shouldn't wonder if they don't need a dose of coal oil."

Now Carol pulled her smart little hat firmly over one eye and announced: "And I'm going to buy some cots!"

Jonathan said bleakly: "I guess all this expense kills the idea of the chaise longue for dad."

Paula looked at him in scorn. "After all, can you picture it on that grim porch? Mother, there's no use! Everything looks even more ghastly this morning—and we've only till Saturday—"

"And what good's scrubbing?"

Douglas gloomed. "It won't take the stains off the walls."

"Tell you what, Mrs. Tate," Mr. Springer offered. "You get some calcimine paint and cheap brushes, and I'll show the kids how to put it on before we leave this afternoon."

It was prodigious, the amount of work the Springers accomplished that day, with the Tates running at their bidding like retrievers. When Carol got back from town, Mr. Springer had the fence righted and the gate knocked into shape. From that time on the hours raced alarmingly. The broken window was replaced, new steps made, the porch braced up. Mr. Springer was finishing the plaster on the dining-room ceiling when his wife said:

"We've got to go, Joe. Mary will never forgive us if we don't get there in time for her birthday dinner—"

"Yes, I know. Haven't had time to show you about the paint, Jonathan, but I guess you can do it."

The Tates stood looking after them long after the old car had rolled out of sight.

"Our first friends in California," Paula said. "Nobody ever did that much for us before—and they wouldn't even let us thank them."

Douglas said soberly: "It's just us, now, for dad."

"And we're gloriously inefficient," Jonathan said. "Let's begin on dad's room, mates, to be sure that's clean, at least."

Douglas and Binnie painted as far up as they could reach from the baseboard. Jonathan on a rickety stepladder and Paula on a kitchen chair painted down to meet their strokes. They slapped the paint on earnestly, crosswise, up and down. It ran rivers. Necks ached and backs seemed broken. The second morning the brushes were stiff and unwieldy. Then they remembered their art lessons and that brushes had to be cleaned.

"Something else," Jonathan said, inspecting the wall. "Up-and-down strokes—and don't let it dry before you overlap. We've got to be a credit to the Springers!"

The room was something of a miracle when finished—clean and fresh, if a bit futuristic. They moved on to the living room.

SATURDAY morning found them still painting, better now—all except Binnie, who was set to raking the yard; for Rodney was expected that night. She came in about eleven, looking indignant.

"The meanest-looking old man," she informed them, "drove up and looked at me and our car and all around. He kept snorting like my pony at home."

"Oh, dear," Carol worried, "I hope we're not going to have unpleasant neighbors! You stay in. Doug, you finish Binnie's job."

"Probably just a passer-by," Jonathan soothed his mother. "He's not likely to return."

Within the hour there was a shout from Douglas:

"Mother! Here's a cop!"

Then a big man in uniform was standing in the open door, glowering at them. Behind him hovered a smaller man, gnarled, old, grim-faced. Doug appeared, open-mouthed.

"What is it, please?" Carol asked civilly.

The old man pushed past the policeman and looked angrily about the room as Jonathan came down the stepladder. "It's too much!" he shouted, and disappeared toward the kitchen.

The policeman looked enormous in the low doorway, eying Carol belligerently. "This," he said severely, "has happened once too often. I'm going to take you in."

"To—to jail?" Douglas stuttered as they all drew close to their mother. "Wh-what for?"

Carol was staring perplexedly at the policeman. "There must be some mistake. I don't understand—"

"First it was hitchhikers, when the owner was away," he recounted, "then smugglers, now *you*—trespassing on this property—"

"Trespassing!" Carol cried. "I'll tell you one stranger than that! We've *bought* this old ruin!"

"Tell your story to the chief," he said skeptically. "Too bad, too—you don't look like that kind. Come on—let's get going."

"I certainly," Carol said indignantly, "shan't stir a

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foot. I'm Mrs. Rodney Tate, from New York. I bought this property from R. D. Fallon—"

The policeman raised his voice. "Oh, Mr. Fallon!" he called, and as the old man reappeared, "Spike this, will you? The lady says she's from New York and you sold her this house—"

"Land sakes!" The old man deflated visibly. "You Mrs. Tate? Well, well! . . ." He studied deeply. "I sold you a place, all right—but not *this* place. I sold you the Andrews place, over *east* of town."

The Tates were all staring at him, speechless. Finally Paula said weakly: "You mean—after all this—we're in the wrong house?"

"That's about the size of it—and you been making pretty free with my property." He snorted at the painted walls, at the mended window. The Tates straggled after him hopelessly while he inspected the new steps and the now firm porch. Suddenly he began whistling, peering under the porch. He straightened and glared at Carol. "Where's my pet skunk? Best mouser I ever had. You do anything to him?"

"No," she returned spiritedly, "but he did plenty to us."

"Tried to clean him up too, I reckon," he said suspiciously. "You better get over to the place you did buy. That'll be all, Bill." He waved an arm at the policeman.

"Oh, mother!" Paula wailed. "Have we got to do this all over again—to another house?"

Jonathan looked stricken. "And almost no time left!"

"Come on, then," Mr. Fallon said ungraciously. "You ride with me, young feller."

THEY went, paint-smeared as they were, for there was no time to lose. They swung eastward out of San Carlos, following Mr. Fallon's car, discouraged and bewildered. None of them spoke, except when Paula said, "He's horrid! He didn't even thank us." Then the car ahead slowed down and they all began to shout at once:

"It's got a white picket fence—on its own legs! . . . Orange trees. The house—look!—it has white paint on it. . . . It *is* two stories—honestly!" They tumbled out of the car, trying to take in everything at once.

But it was Carol who first saw a tall thin figure rising from the front steps. Rodney! A sob caught in her throat as she stumbled forward, and then his arms closed about her in the dear familiar way. . . . McGraw and the children almost knocked them both down, then, as they rushed upon Rodney.

He had made better connections than he had expected, had rented a car, secured the address at the escrow department of the bank, and had driven out—to find no family! He looked them over quizzically.

"This is not New York, sir," Jonathan apologized, aware of their disreputable appearance.

"No." His father turned and looked at the small cheaply built house. "It certainly isn't!"

They remembered the house then, and rushed pell-mell toward it.

Douglas jumped expertly on the steps. "See, dad," he called triumphantly, "no termites!"

Jonathan stamped on the veranda. "Good sound underpinnings," he observed with satisfaction. "This is your diggings, dad."

The living room was small, sparsely furnished with Monterey-type things, and with plain neat walls. But the children raced through with only the comment: "It's swell! Roof doesn't leak!"

"Don't they *see?*" Rodney asked wonderingly.

"They see by contrast—" Carol was beginning, when Binnie screamed for them from the stairway: "The bathroom!" When they got to her, she was patting the antique but clean tub lovingly. "Isn't it beautiful?"

Paula was calling from the bedroom she had chosen. "Of course it's Binnie's too," she qualified, "but it's ducky. I'll paint the walls a very delicate pink."

WHAT have you done to them?" Rodney asked Carol, when they were alone. "They're selling this place to *me!* And planning to improve it *themselves.* When I thought—"

"They have a new standard—" Carol began, and then, seeing them in an excited huddle, she went to them hastily.

"Now don't start anything," she begged. "It's fairly clean—we can't subject your daddy to a house-cleaning fracas. Jonathan, go into town and hire a truck to bring out our cots and trunks."

"We'll all go!" Secret laughter flashed from one to another.

For an hour Rodney lay on the cramped sofa while Carol told him the story. They were not conscious that the children had returned until they stood in the doorway, bursting with suppressed excitement.

"Will you come out here, dad?"

Rodney rose at once, and Carol followed, wondering and apprehensive. The truck was at the gate, but there on the veranda was the blue garden chair. Carol stopped short, swiftly calculating funds. Jonathan was patting the cushions, saying, "Try it, dad."

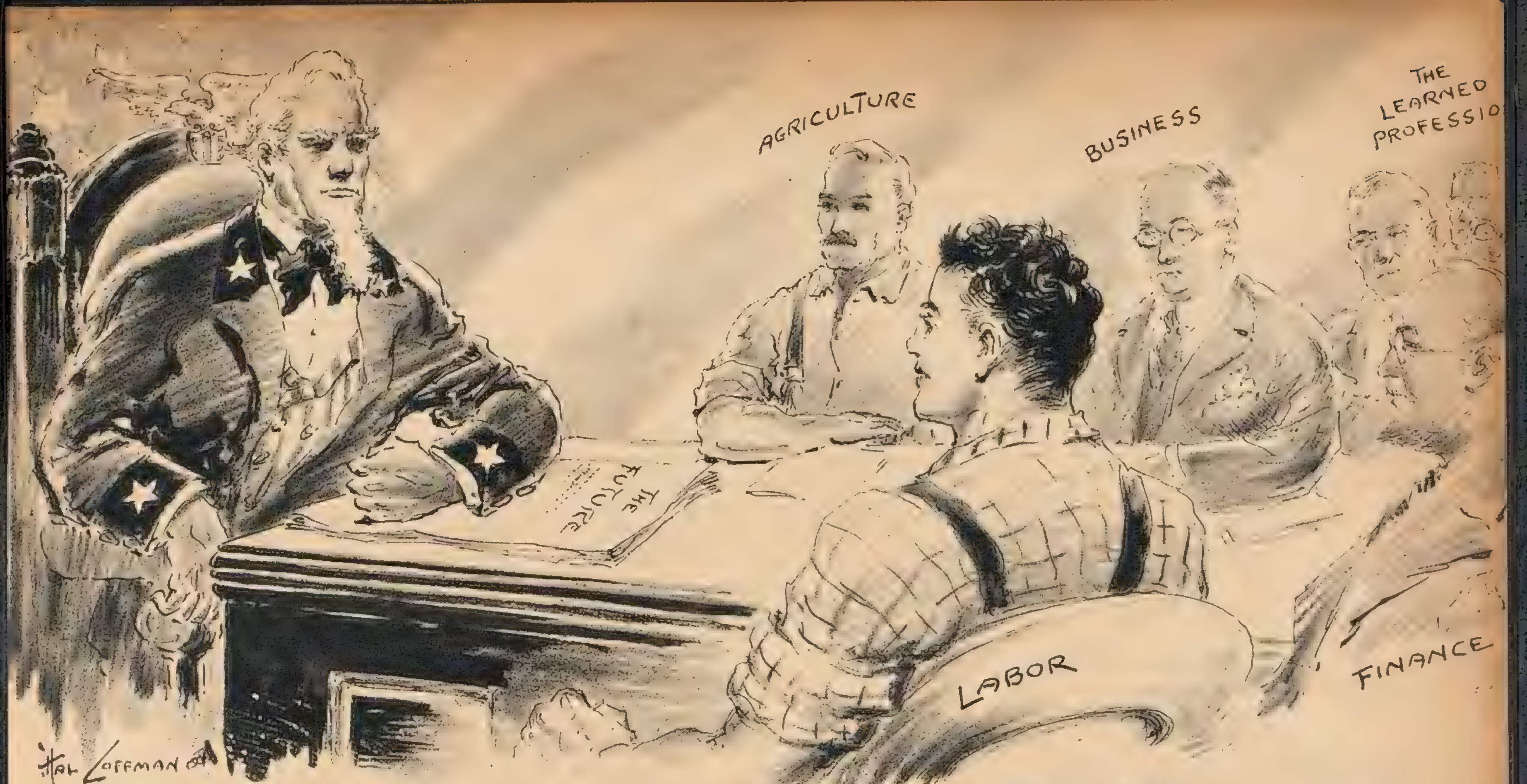
"It's yours!" the others shouted with one voice.

Rodney stretched his gaunt length on the chair and sighed with content. "It's the nicest present I ever had! But how come?"

"Mr. Fallon paid us for our labor," Jonathan explained. "There was enough for this—and to send the Springers their share. He paid for the materials, too. He even thanked us, at the last."

Rodney Tate's smile was amused and tender—and proud. "So love's labor wasn't lost," he said. "You wanted to have our new home shipshape for me—and you've done it!"

THE END



CARTOON BY HAL COFFMAN

# WHY CAN'T BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT BE FRIENDS?

## The ex-Secretary of Commerce and present Minister to Canada offers a sound plan

## BY DANIEL C. ROPER

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BUSINESS is evolving out of the old order into the new. The greater institutions of business are, or are becoming, nationally organized. Mere size gives to them a quasi-public status. The business leadership is coming to recognize the new situation in which it lives and functions.

The national organizations of agriculture, business, labor, and the learned professions are now forced to be partners with the government. We need a national conference organization which can strengthen this partnership by making it open, direct, and efficient.

This National Advisory Council should be composed of representatives of such national standing in their various fields as to be acceptable to both the President and the Congress. It would place the government in direct contact with all the greater economic and professional factors in the life of the people. In such a council the representatives of education, engineering, medicine, and the law would meet with those sent by the economic factors.

Today these vital institutions in the life of the people are forced to seek influence in the government by using indirect pressure. What constructive good they accomplish in this way is usually counterbalanced by the evil from other pressure groups which represent selfish interests and work through corruption.

The federal government, because of its mechanism, remains out of touch with the life of the people. The members of Congress do not represent the essential groupings of population. They represent economically incoherent states and districts. Under the operations of our present primary system they are themselves strongly worked upon by pressure groups. That is why they are forced to come so indirectly upon all our economic and social problems.

We cannot change, fundamentally, our party system of government. I am not proposing that we change it much—at least, not in the present period. What I am proposing is that the party in power, the opposition party, and the people be kept informed by a more direct representation of the organized life and work of the people.

In these difficult times both the party in power and the opposition party must seek the truth and tell the truth to the people. The National Advisory Council, as an instrument devoted to this purpose, must be relentlessly nonpartisan.

Our form of government is now being challenged by the Fascist "corporate state." The danger of Fascism is not merely a military threat against every democratic country. The inherent strength of the new system, specifically in Italy, is more dangerous to democracy than any military threat ever can be against this country. As we see Fascist Italy solve her economic problems through a centralized corporate system, we must resolve to solve ours by making democracy work.

It has become our public duty as a nation to find work for the unemployed; to provide economic security for heads of families; and to discover the way to the necessities of life for all. In all these efforts we must avoid degrading the unemployed through the dole. We must develop opportunities which will build up rather than destroy the individual. Of course, we must open ever widening public services in the fields of education, recreation, and public health.

WE have had valuable experience of national organization in this field. In 1917 the government was suddenly driven to mobilize, for war purposes, the entire economic power of the nation. This great task of mobilization was accomplished by the Council of National Defense. Even then we did not go far enough. Under similar circumstances in the future we must mobilize wealth as well as labor and agriculture.

The Council of National Defense was nonpartisan, and it functioned directly in line with all the economic factors and the defense services. Sectional and local interests were merged into the national interest.

The Council of National Defense was discontinued when the war ended. It might easily have been maintained as a permanent instrument of the government and readjusted to the conditions of peace.

The more I investigated what was being done in other countries, the more firmly convinced I became of the usefulness and necessity of such an institution. For instance, I found that the Constitution of the new German Republic, adopted in 1919, provided for a National Economic Council. Development of this institution was one of the greatest services that the German Republic performed in the cause of democracy. Its destruction, with the Republic, through the Nazi revolution in 1933, was a great loss.

By 1931 my studies, with the help of friends, had developed a concise plan. When I became Secretary of Commerce, in 1933, I determined to make a beginning with the formation of a Business Advisory Council in that department.

When I assumed office I was fully persuaded that there were, in the business world, many forward-looking leaders. These men clearly saw the trend of the times, but they were not in touch with the government. Meanwhile the reactionary forces in the world of business could be best dealt with and disciplined by giving to the progressive and patriotic forces a constructive national organization.

Business may fail here and it may fail there. In any event, its organization actually represents, in the present age, the realities of our national economic life. Business is one of the poles around which rotate all the productive and distributive forces of the nation. The other pole is agriculture.

At the outset I conferred with seven men. I suggested a council of twenty-one members. The group took the view that in order to get twenty-one men to accept membership, it would be necessary to send out at least forty-five invitations. This was done. To the surprise of all, forty-four actually accepted membership. This number was later increased to fifty-three.

The only rules laid down were:

1. The Council itself should fill vacancies among the membership.
2. Insofar as was possible, every section of the country was to be represented.
3. Any member selected must be capable of thinking in terms of the whole country. Selections must be made without the slightest consideration of the politics of any prospective member.
4. If any member of the Council desired to enter a political campaign, he should resign.

Of course it was difficult to keep a proper balance between representatives of small and big business. In the formation of a permanent council this defect should be corrected as far as possible. As a rule the small business men could afford neither the time nor the money to take part in the work of our Council. The members served without compensation, defraying their own traveling and hotel expenses.

We have now arrived at the point where the Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce can be developed into a permanent National Advisory Council. It should probably have about one hundred members. Small business can be adequately represented, as well as big business, when the traveling and hotel expenses of the Council are paid by the government.

AN important immediate problem for both business and government is unemployment. Working people are unemployed because business is unemployed. We need to find the cause of this and apply the remedy. Business needs all the organized social intelligence which can be mobilized in its support.

The Business Advisory Council usually assembled once a month. Its Executive Committee of fifteen met, besides, every two weeks. The monthly meetings lasted for two days each. Unity—always unity and co-operation—that is what the Council strove for. Of course from time to time we lost a member or two who could not see the objectives as they were envisaged by the whole group.

The Council did not confine its studies to the Department of Commerce. It investigated numerous related activities of the government. Reports bearing directly upon the work of the Department of Commerce were taken under advisement by the secretary. Reports on other government activities were referred, through the White House, to the departments or commissions directly concerned. It is most gratifying that the work of the Council found favor with numerous heads of departments and with committees of Congress. This proved the value, indeed the need, for such an organization.

Early in 1938 Vice-President Garner, in a Cabinet meeting, described the evil effect of the dangerous concentration of wealth. He asked that studies be made to lay bare the causes of this concentrated control of wealth and distribution of income.

The President immediately took up this matter and suggested to the Congress the creation of the Temporary National Economic Committee. In June, 1938, the Congress passed a law creating this committee. It includes distinguished members of both Houses of Congress and of the executive departments. The work of this committee again emphasizes the need of a permanent National Advisory Council, much broader in scope and with larger duties.

Such a council would have a second important function. It would serve as a direct channel, for information and guidance, back from the government to labor, industry, commerce, and the greater public-service professions. Upon its own volition it would act as a counselor of business and agriculture.

LET us not deceive ourselves. We must march boldly forward. If time proves that we lack the collective intelligence to solve our problems—or if we fear to lay strong and direct hold of those problems—then our children will be forced to surrender to a dictator. We need more democracy—and a more intelligent participation of the people, through the conference method, in the working of their democracy. Such must be our first defense against dictatorship.

Were the National Advisory Council now in being, we might see John D. Rockefeller, Mayor LaGuardia, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler sit down with the leaders of the Federal Farm Bureau and the three great organizations of labor. They would discuss national problems with Henry Ford, who represents the passing form of industrial relations; and with the youthful Edward R. Stettinius, whose face is turned boldly toward the future. I believe a group of a hundred representative citizens, in conference, could be brought to agree upon constructive national policies.

To such a group the President, the Congress, and the whole people will say: "Here are ten million unemployed workers. Where will you find genuinely productive labor for them? Here are ten million young people who ought to create, upon a solid economic, social, and moral foundation, five million American homes. How can the way of life be made straight for these?"

Gentlemen, give us your answers.

THE END

# NEW GLAMOUR GIRL

## Charles Laughton discovers her for his new picture of swashbuckling shipwreckers on the English coast

## BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

### ★ ★ ★ JAMAICA INN

THE PLAYERS: Charles Laughton, Leslie Banks, Maureen O'Hara, Marie Ney, Emlyn Williams, Robert Newton, Horace Hodges, Hay Petrie, Frederick Piper, Herbert Lomas, Clare Greet, William Devlin, Wylie Watson, Morlans Graham, Edwin Greenwood, Mervyn Johns, Stephen Haggard. Screen play by Sidney Gilliat and Joan Harrison from the novel by Daphne du Maurier. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Produced by Mayflower-Paramount. Running time, 100 minutes.

EVERYTHING has an English flavor this week. Jamaica Inn, the newest dramatic parade of Charles Laughton, presents a movieized retelling of Daphne du Maurier's popular novel of dark deviltry along the bleak rock-bound Cornish coast. The time is the loose, decorative days of the Regency when beaux and belles danced decorously to the light of candles and the music of the harpsichord. The story pauses but briefly over old port and brandy to center upon a crew of bloodthirsty cutthroats who haunt a sinister forbidding inn while they wait to lure ships to disaster upon the coast, slaughter the survivors, and loot the wreckage.

Laughton is a paunchy dandy, the squire of the nearby manor, who is the master mind of the piratical crew. Here is a splashy performance, for Sir Humphrey Pengallon is a half-mad egotist of impeccable manners, a spendthrift sensualist minus morals and scruples. Into his hands falls a pretty, motherless colleen from Ireland and a handsome king's officer sent to track down the leader of the wreckers. The role of Sir Humphrey is a spectacular one; possibly Laughton makes the old rake a little too studied and ostentatious.

There are shipwrecks, murders, courageous deeds. It is all in the pattern of high swashbuckling. Your Beverly Hills likes Maureen O'Hara as the lovely girl in distress. She has charm, distinct appeal, and a real measure of " it."

VITAL STATISTICS: The avoirdupois boys made this. Laughton is hefty. Director Alfred Hitchcock is even heftier. . . . Besides being the latest British glamour girl, Maureen O'Hara is a Laughton discovery. Miss O'Hara (pronounced O'Haw-ra in her native Dublin) is authentically Irish; like Geraldine Fitzgerald, an alumnus of Dublin's Gate Theater. Dublin is beginning to push Brooklyn hard as the birthplace of our film cuties. Laughton met Maureen at a party, admired her, signed her. He's co-producer of his English films, you know. She's in his next, The Admirable Crichton. Then Hollywood probably will be a-callin'. Maureen is afraid of being glamorized. For, as Director Hitchcock says, " Glamorizing succeeds in ' chocolate-boxing ' its unfortunate victims." . . . They changed the Du Maurier novel. Had to, says Hitchcock. In the story the master mind was a shadowy vague figure that didn't emerge in all his sinister significance until near the end. Laughton couldn't hover in the background, prowling in the shadows. So the story was revamped. . . . Hitchcock is in Hollywood now to do another Daphne du Maurier yarn, Rebecca. Hitchcock has one fetish: He won't take actors on location unless it's absolutely necessary. Says actors lose the feeling and the concentration. Couldn't Irving, Booth, and Bernhardt tell their stories on twenty feet of stage? A camera crew went out for shots along the Cornish coast; the real sets were studio-built at Elstree. . . . Says Hitchcock of Laughton: " A Laughton picture is one long battle from start to finish—Laughton versus Laughton. He frets and strains and argues continuously with himself. He's never satisfied."

Squire Charles Laughton and the latest British glamour girl, Maureen O'Hara, in Jamaica Inn.

### ★ ★ ★ FOUR FEATHERS

THE PLAYERS: Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements, June Duprez, Jack Allen, Donald Gray, Robert Rendell, Archibald Batty, John Laurie, Derek Elphinstone, Frederick Culley, Hay Petrie, Henry Oscar, Clive Baxter, Allan Jeayes, Major John Knott. Adapted by R. C. Sherriff from A. E. W. Mason's novel. Directed by Zoltan Korda. Produced by Alexander Korda-United Artists. Running time, 116 minutes.

A. E. W. MASON wrote of a sensitive little boy, youngest of the house of Faversham. Each head of the house had fought for old England at Balaklava, Trafalgar, Waterloo, Hastings, back into the dawn of British history. This all seemed cruel and useless to the boy as he grew up. But his three chums and his sweetheart came to consider him a coward—and they presented him with four white feathers. So the chap set out to defeat his " cowardice " and, made up as a dumb and branded Sudan native, Harry Faversham in no time saves each of the three chums, saves Kitchener, saves Khartoum, saves the Sudan, saves England, saves everything. He's a hero—and the sensitive little dreamer who felt killing to be useless is lost in the maze of blood and high adventure. Thus the four feathers are taken back magnanimously.

All this is a resounding old-fashioned adventure yarn. It has been done twice before in films, once with Gary Cooper as the boy who saves the Empire. This time the whole proceedings are in color. The scenes along the Nile have exquisite beauty, and there is a quiet loveliness to the British drawing rooms. But color doesn't help much in the drab gray desert when the dervishes and the Fuzzy-Wuzzies hurl themselves upon Kitchener's hollow squares of stalwart British infantry. Here was the last stand of old-fashioned open warfare.

The chief trouble with Four Feathers is the acting. Nobody has personality, nobody does much of anything histrionically. Unless it is Ralph Richardson as a British officer who goes blind from the burning desert sun.

GENE SARAZEN says
ANYTIME I HAVE A HEADACHE, I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER BECAUSE—
IT NOT ONLY EASES THE PAIN FAST—
IT ALSO CALMS MY NERVES
Headache strains your Nerves—take BROMO-SELTZER
Millions Do!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

VITAL STATISTICS: June Duprez plays her first important film role here. She's a daughter of Fred Duprez, well known on the London stage. She walked into Alexander Korda's office with a test film of herself. P. S.: She got the job. . . . Three Kordas participated in Four Feathers. Alexander is the guiding chief, Zoltan the director, while Vincent painted the ancestral studies on the Faversham walls. . . . The film is a mixture of scenes shot at Denham, in England, and in the Sudan. The Nile water wheel was set up on the River Colne, which flows through the studio grounds. The one-and-a-half-acre city of Omdurman was constructed at Denham and blown up. Korda had the use of several hundred British troops (the East Surrey Regiment, and 4,000 natives. Several thousand of these were real Fuzzy-Wuzzies of Kipling lore. They liked being film actors but hated to "die" in the battle scenes. The temperature ran around 120 degrees; never fell below 102 even at midnight, and the going was tough. Filming started at 6 A. M. and continued to 11 A. M. Then, when the heat eased a bit, it was resumed again at four o'clock for one hour's work. Sheiks and tribesmen kept wandering into the camera lines, full of curiosity. After each shot the half mile of desert had to be swept by 300 natives to smooth out the ruts and footprints. . . . While they were working, the crew came upon a shell fired by one of Kitchener's guns forty years before. This, you see, was the real battlefield of history.

### ★ TARZAN FINDS A SON

THE PLAYERS: Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Sheffield, Ian Hunter, Henry Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, Henry Wilcoxon, Laraine Day, Morton Lowry. Screen play by Cyril Hume based on characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 79 minutes.

DON'T worry that Tarzan and his Jane have gone fireside and nursery on their own in their African treetop. They find Boy as a baby in the wreck of an airplane in the jungle, take him home. In no time Tarzan is making cute little rattles, Jane is hanging tiny white garments out on a line to dry. Time passes. An expedition, headed by some nasty British scoundrels, comes seeking trace of the survivors. If none exist, the great estate and earldom of Greystoke-on-the-Stoke goes to one of the Englishmen. What are Tarzan and Jane to do with their nice little five-year-old Boy?

To keep this little fable of never-never land from stirring your cynical risibilities, you must be in the mood. Otherwise the preposterous events will press hard upon your sense of humor. But here is Tarzan swinging through the trees from vine to vine with Tarzan junior, when he isn't diving and swimming about a lovely jungle lagoon with little Tar. And up in their treetop home, reached by an elevator operated by an obliging elephant, is understanding Jane, the object of both Tarzans' simple adoration. And there are friendly apes, unfriendly lions and hyenas and hippos, whole choruses of trumpeting elephants to come loping to the rescue. If it weren't for the moments of native cruelty, this would be a completely nice film for your own little Tarzan.

Little John Sheffield gets our approval for his combination of dramatics and gymnastics.

VITAL STATISTICS: Maureen O'Sullivan, in real life Mrs. John Farrow, recently became the mama of a bouncing boy. She says he's not going to grow up to be a Tarzan. Hopes he'll be a movie critic, of all things. . . . The underwater scenes were made at Crystal Springs, Florida, near Ocala, but most of the African jungle can be reached on the M-G-M back lot at Culver City, California. Tarzan's jungle penthouse was built at Brent's Crags in the Santa Monica Mountains. . . . Bee, the baby elephant, went along with Weissmuller and little Johnny Sheffield to Florida. Bee traveled in a special baggage car with a trainer, who prepared her oatmeal, rice, and sweetened milk. In the car, Bee was supported by a huge hammock, attached to the ceiling and running under her tummy. This so she wouldn't do a Brodie on a curve. Bee was sixteen months old when the film was made, weighed 560 pounds, stood three feet nine. . . . Little John Sheffield is the son of Reginald Sheffield, actor who played on stage and screen. Weak at birth, Johnny was trained as rigidly as a college athlete. So it was easy for him to ape Tarzan. . . . That's a real three-pound ostrich egg that Maureen O'Sullivan fries in one of the scenes. It really takes a hatchet to crack the tough shell. . . . Cheeta, Tarzan's pet chimpanzee, has grown two feet since the last Tarzan opus. . . . If you come to New York for the World's Fair, you'll see Johnny Weissmuller at the Aquacade. He's the big splash there.

### FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939.

★★★—Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber.

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## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 15

1—Rube Goldberg's.
2—The beaver.
3—A pirate.
4—The McCoys.
5—The Brooklyn Bridge.
6—No. It is formed by the condensation of vapor.
7—Peter II of Yugoslavia, aged fifteen.
8—Seventeen years.
9—Shells made into beads.
10—No. She has been too lavish with shortening.
11—Four.
12—Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics.
13—Six.
14—Luise Rainer and Bette Davis.
15—In the southern part of Scotland, close to the English border.
16—The boll weevil.
17—The Court of St. James.
18—Eire.
19—British and American women.
20—

(B. M. Baruch)

# KINGS AND BROTHERS

## The crisis is at hand in the historic destiny of these two royal brothers

### BY EMIL LUDWIG

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

After characterizing the Archbishop of Canterbury and explaining his power and influence, Mr. Ludwig last week looked back into the dogmas and pronouncements of the Church of England anent divorce and remarriage of divorced persons; also into the records of some historic divorces and sanctioned remarriages. His conclusion was that, from the Church's standpoint, "every side of the question was still open," and almost anything conceivably permissible, at the time when Edward as King resolved to marry the woman he loved as soon as possible after her divorce.

The all-seeing news camera more than once took Edward by surprise during his summer yachting cruise. Pictures of him with Mrs. Simpson began to appear in American papers. In mid-August a London paper published a full-page one—and society's hostile gossip rose to the boiling point. Then, immediately after returning from the cruise, he invited Mrs. Simpson to Balmoral.

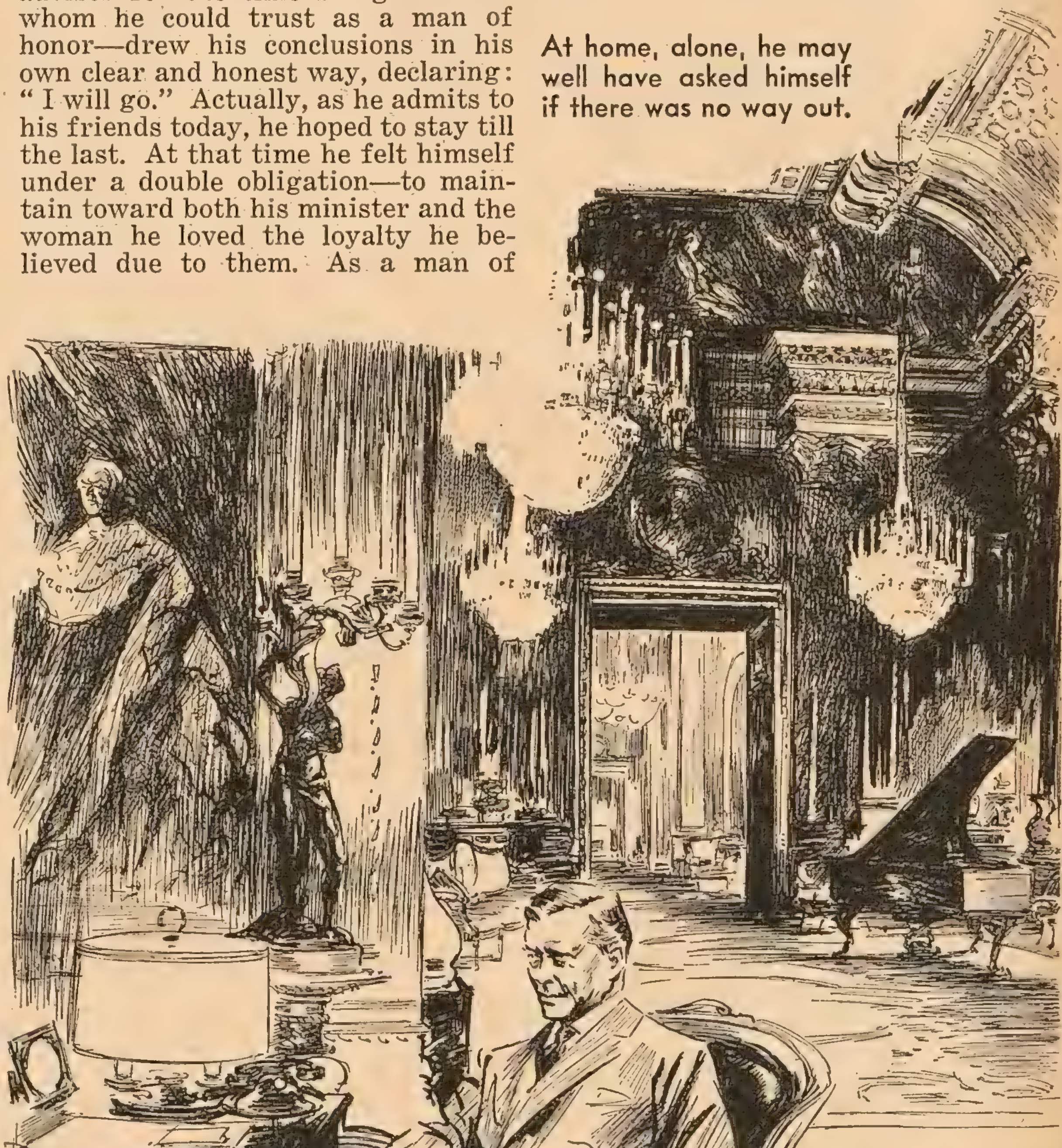
By October the Church was in opposition to its temporal head, the King. On the 20th, Prime Minister Baldwin went "as a friend" to warn him. A week later William Randolph Hearst sprang the news of his intention to marry Mrs. Simpson, now divorced, and to make her his queen. Still the press of England remained silent. On November 16, Baldwin, whom this time the King had sent for, volunteered to him the opinion that the marriage in question would not meet with the approval of the country. As to his intended wife becoming queen, Baldwin was "certain that would be impracticable."

The King said, "I am prepared to go."

## PART TEN—A KING IN LOVE

THIS volte-face on the King's part was provoked by two erroneous statements on Baldwin's part: firstly, that he always knew exactly what the English people felt; secondly, that in the choice of a queen the voice of the English people must be heard. No law and no tradition have ever given the English people the right to raise its voice in the choice of the queen. As for the infallibility of Baldwin's sense of the feeling of the English people, in the debate in the Commons four weeks later, three out of eight speakers opposed him. If calumny of the lady in question had not done its work in the intervening weeks, there would probably have been more.

The King, however—since his only adviser for the time being was one whom he could trust as a man of honor—drew his conclusions in his own clear and honest way, declaring: "I will go." Actually, as he admits to his friends today, he hoped to stay till the last. At that time he felt himself under a double obligation—to maintain toward both his minister and the woman he loved the loyalty he believed due to them. As a man of honor, he could not but show particular loyalty to a woman at the moment when she was insulted by a refusal to recognize her; as King, he was obliged to yield to his government when they opposed him. That first sentence in which Edward offered to abdicate, the rapidity, clarity, and curtness of the offer—the whole conversation lasted a quarter of an hour—show him at his best, and the only thing posterity will remember of Baldwin in this entire affair is the



At home, alone, he may well have asked himself if there was no way out.

**The Story of George VI and Edward VIII**

expression, "a great gentleman," he used to describe the King's attitude.

The outcome of the struggle was still uncertain. The only certain thing was the King's resolve to marry. He went to his mother that very evening and informed her and his brothers of his intention.

In the preceding weeks the Duke of York must have realized the possibility of such a decision and its consequences. His character, the circumstances of his life, and his affection for his brother all go to prove that he shunned the solution. Everything in him tended to a desire for private happiness, to a life outside publicity, and the duties he took upon himself as the second son of the House of Windsor were for him duties and nothing more. The few real friends whom the elder brother has kept till today also confirm that this was the attitude of the younger, and infer that his wife shared it. Certainly when the Duke of York sat with his wife by the fire in their house in Piccadilly that November evening, his only wish was that Edward or Baldwin would reconsider.

The next day brought fresh agitations on both sides. The King paid a long-prepared visit to the distressed areas in south Wales. This was an official visit, for he was accompanied by the Ministers of Labor and Health, and he subsequently discussed matters with the two commissioners, the old and the new, for the so-called "special areas" of hunger and misery. Not only young men but thousands of older workers were there to receive the King with flags and bands. The police cordon was broken through, men crowded round the King to touch his shoulder, all welcomed him as their friend and protector. On that day he was greeted as their great hope by the poorest of his subjects.

As before, he was stirred to the depths. But he knew what was due to the Constitution of the country, and was careful to say no more than he ought, and indeed only as much as he had said when Prince. In his usual way, he spoke to individuals, put questions to them, shook hands, and said, "Something will be done for you," and things of the kind. That was the intention of the members of the government accompanying him.

The next day the entire English press published articles extolling the King. They wrote too much, for two papers magnified his brief encouraging words to one or two people into a speech. The Daily Mail praised him for an initiative which the government, it said, had not shown. The Times on the following day vehemently countered this interpretation; it would be constitutionally dangerous for the Throne—apart from its occupant's personal human concern—to begin to show initiative.

Thus, in the great campaign against him, now in preparation, his visit to south Wales, which was so hearty and personal a success, produced a disastrous effect.

He spoke the few words that loosed the storm upon Edward: The Rt. Rev. A. W. F. Blunt, Bishop of Bradford.

FROM Wales he had returned with a sorrow-stricken heart. One day he had declared that he might abdicate; the next, he had felt the warmth of the welcome he received from thousands. One day he had weighed the possibility of combining his conception of a woman's honor with his conception of service to his country; the next, he had heard in the acclamations of the destitute crowds a warning that the latter must come first at all costs. His whole aim was to strike the mean between the two feelings. Both were dictates of his heart. That, and that alone, is the reason why his problem was insoluble.

Back at home on that gray November evening—surrounded by newspapers, some well, some ill disposed toward him; after a long telephone conversation with his friend, when he had heard her voice assuring him that she felt with him and was his—he may well have asked himself what that part of him which was the King could say that might save the situation.

Was there no way out? One imaginable way led through the feelings of the people. The marriage of his great-grandparents, Victoria and Albert—the latter an obscure German prince whose father had been a "man of gallantry" and whose mother had been divorced for unfaithfulness—had been most unpopular. Why had their image and standing in the people's minds so quickly changed? Because the people saw that they loved each other. And why had the people remained so cool toward his grandfather Edward? Because the people saw that Edward was unfaithful to his wife.

What if he himself were now to stake upon the future, upon bringing before the eyes of the people an ideal marriage?

Another way led through the Constitution. The crown jurists had just assured both him and Baldwin that the King was free in his choice: "The mere fact that the Sovereign may legally wed whom he will imposes upon him the task of fixing his affections on one whose selection will be widely welcomed by his people." Formally, therefore, he was free to do as he liked, to marry the woman he loved. But now he was told that his plan would displease the people.

Who was this man, that he could be as sure of the feeling of the English people as if he held a divining rod in his hand? Was it her crime not to be English? The people could be shown how useful the connection with America would be. Or was it that she was not of noble birth? But the times were ripe for that, and both the common citizen and the laboring man would welcome the change. That she was divorced? The Church of England had sanctioned many a divorce, and not a few remarriages.

What if the Cabinet were to resign in protest? Why could the King not summon another man to be Prime Minister and to form a new Cabinet? What were the King's rights, powers, and privileges? That was a vague, disputed question; but there was reason to believe that he could dissolve Parliament and announce a general election, and a less scrupulous Sovereign might have put that power to the test. But chivalry prevented him. "After all, I couldn't make Mrs. Simpson an object of discussion in public elections," he said later, in reply to an inquiry. His main object was to defend his lady's honor. That was also the reason why he repeatedly had her name published in the Court Circular as his guest. "If I had omitted to invite her under pressure from the American press," he said later, "I would simply have admitted the truth of the gossip!"

At last he saw a way out which appeared feasible. He had for twenty years been the darling of the people. His speeches impressed the entire Empire. What if he were to speak to all its peoples, to tell them of the wish of his heart? Might he not win them to his side? He wrote a speech which he hoped would influence five hundred million human beings.

The speech was examined and rejected by the Cabinet. I have read it: it was the best a man could have written at such a moment. But so conscientious is he that even today, in spite of everything that was done to him, he will not release that speech for publication because, having passed through the hands of the Cabinet, it has become a State document.

WE must not imagine that, all these weeks and months, the King was engrossed in the one problem. We can see from an account of his inspection of the Home Fleet on November 12, published by a naval commander, how he impressed people in the exercise of his royal functions during these grievous weeks.

The weather in Portland, to which he traveled by the night train, was stormy. From one ship to another—there were seven in all—inspecting, asking questions, bestowing praise, more questions, more inspections.

Then dinner and a concert with the officers, and the return to his yacht late at night, to be up again early in the morning. This " went straight to the hearts of the men," writes the commander, who never left his side. " Not for an instant in all that long round of inspections did his attention flag. He spotted badges, medal ribbons, faces . . . he thought of the men who were wet and gave orders . . . It was noticed by every man that, whereas the King would not wear a waterproof while inspecting men in the rain, Sir Samuel Hoare wore his. A small thing, but sailors take note of small things, and in this they saw the real difference between the politician and the monarch."

During those very weeks the leaders of society, and more particularly its leading ladies, were spreading the poison of slander against him and his friend.

England has elaborated methods of legal procedure against slander unrivaled in any other country. Only one person in the country is unprotected: the Sovereign—and, of course, his or her closest friends. Queen Victoria as a young woman was powerless against half-ludicrous calumnies which were published in leading newspapers.

No sovereign in all English history has had to face this reverse side of English democracy in so gross a form as Edward VIII. To worst him, there was no fabrication too crass for society to resort to. These slanders, handed on by word of mouth, and penetrating into ever deeper strata of the people, were enough to spread abroad so shameful a picture of him and, above all, of the lady of his choice, that even today it astonishes the outsider.

LET us examine first some of the more harmless fabrications to his discredit. At his first garden party after his accession, it is said, he suddenly interrupted his reception of the beautifully dressed debutantes; but nobody adds that it had begun to rain. Again, he advanced the date of his father's funeral two days earlier than was customary; but nobody adds that this was done at Queen Mary's wish. He drove to the opening of Parliament not in the gilded coach with eight horses but in a swift motorcar; but nobody adds that bad weather was reported, so that it would be useless for troops to line the streets, and that he abandoned the royal drive for their sakes.

In Belvedere, it is said, State documents were left lying about, and when the Foreign Office wished to send a reply to Germany, it had to inquire again and again as to the whereabouts of the papers which the King had not returned. The truth is that no document ever remained there longer than was usual.

In September, we hear, he suddenly put off the opening of a royal hospital in Aberdeen in order to meet his friend at the station. This thrilling offense was printed for weeks throughout the world and later told to the English people. Seven months after the abdication, and ten after that September day, the official in charge was obliged to state that the opening had been expressly declined by the King on account of mourning and entrusted to the Duke of York. The official, a titled man, excused the lateness of his statement by saying that the false accusation had never reached his ears.

There were other complaints of a more comic nature. The King, of course, was always drunk, or at any rate every night, and everybody who said so had seen him in that state! A friend who has known him for twenty years assures me that he has never seen him intoxicated. At Balmoral the King went deerstalking, but only to photograph the deer—not to shoot them! He drove to church with his brother in a closed, instead of an open, car!

The slanders grew into a conspiracy which even entered into his palace. In November an official who held a highly paid appointment at court made communications unfavorable to the King and his circle to an American journalist, who thought the matter over, and kept the information to himself. The names of both men are known.

Mrs. Simpson was even worse slandered than the King. That she was presented at court in borrowed clothes is merely ludicrous. But it was also said, in words that formed the basis of a suit for defamation, that her husband received a substantial check from the King to connive at the divorce. When Mrs. Sutherland, the defendant in the suit, told this story at table, adding, " I have seen

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the check," she was sued by a relative of Mr. Simpson and lost the case. When a high court official repeated the same story in the presence of an American diplomat, the latter declared, "You are a liar," to which the official made no reply.

But she thought well of Germany and was a close friend of Herr von Ribbentrop! The truth is, she never associated with Germans in London. She saw the German Ambassador just twice. Nor was Ribbentrop ever at Belvedere, but only officially at Buckingham Palace. But she was received by nobody! Here the truth is that hardly was it known that the Prince of Wales was interested in the foreigner, when ladies who did not even know her stormed her with invitations. When I recently asked one of the best known of the elder ladies about the matter, she said:

"We are very grateful to that woman. She preserved us from the worst king England ever had!"

Then she rose, fetched a large silver-framed photo of Edward which stood in the place of honor on her bookcase, and said, "I was very friendly with him, as you see!" Then she added the customary vindictive remark of women about another woman.

Wherever I went, the dossier story cropped up. A dossier compiled by the Home Office about the lady, as about every important personage, is said to contain all the secrets of her private life. If I asked whether the speaker had seen it, he was indignant; such documents are secret. But when I sat by the fire with one of England's most famous churchmen, a very witty old gentleman, and when he told me, in all sincerity, "what kind of woman the lady really was," I realized how deeply the poison of slander can eat into the body of a whole nation.

IF all her slanderers were brought into a court of law, they would have to pay up, for their slanders were unfounded. But a king cannot sue at law either on his own behalf or his wife's. He can do nothing, and even we have only two methods of refutation of all these calumnies.

One is the sight of the woman herself, who is without any of those dubious touches which an unscrupulous enchantress is commonly supposed to have.

The other is the assurance of one of the King's friends who was constantly in his company during the crisis, negotiated with the other side, and strove by every means to keep him in power. If the lady had had secrets, if the aspersions on her conduct had been well founded, those who knew, whether ministers or churchmen, would certainly have shown this man, during the weeks of negotiation and vacillation, any documents which would have obliged him to tell the King that the latter had placed his trust in one unworthy of him. This man, who enjoyed the utmost confidence of both sides, was never shown a page of the famous dossier nor were its accusations ever alluded to. The famous dossier of the Duchess of Windsor contains nothing to her discredit. The people who say it does are slanderers.

THE Times has been called one of the pillars of the British Empire. A writer who has published twenty-five books in England knows something of its splendid impartiality. When, as today, it is on the side of the government, and when that government is Conservative, the two powers support each other, for they need each other. If they ally themselves with the Church in the pursuit of one aim, the trio becomes virtually irresistible.

How closely these three factors co-operated in Edward's overthrow cannot be shown in figures; but it would be an aspersion on the wisdom of the editor if that co-operation had not been close and early, since their interests, or at any rate their views, coincided. It is important to remember that Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, the chief editor, an old friend of Mr. Baldwin, was a pupil of the Archbishop at Oxford.

Both the Archbishop and the Prime Minister were obliged to avoid provoking their opponent by any outspokenness, and were hence the more dependent on the press for the formation of public opinion. They were sure of the Times, and were able to draw other Conservative papers into their wake. The skillfully contrived crescendo in the Times' articles from November 24 to December 10, which was actually decisive in its effect, reveals, still more clearly than Baldwin's official report, a plan which could only lead to the complete subjection of the refractory King or to his abdication.

The Times' first move was to warn the King about his initiative in Wales; since to contrast that favorably "with the administrative slips of his advisers. . . . would threaten, if continued, to entangle the Throne in politics." Immediately afterward the Times took him to task for having exercised undue influence in the choice of the Governor General of South Africa. He should take care that his position was kept high above "public reproach and ridicule." He should take care of the detachment and dignity "which need not at all preclude his contact with all sorts and conditions of people, but which are not so easily put on as a change of clothes."

The King saw danger threatening on all sides. His minister had declared that he knew the people to be against the marriage. From the entourage of the Archbishop he learned that the Archbishop would rather refuse to crown him than marry him to a divorced woman. The Times scolded him like a schoolboy. But his friend, on whom everything depended, never ceased to beg him to remain at his post at all costs. Never at any moment did she make the continuance of her friendship depend on the crown or even on the ring. One of the King's friends who was on very intimate terms with both at the time guarantees the truth of that statement.

In this situation, clearly faced with a fight to the finish, the King was again advised by the few friends he had to make a feint of yielding for the moment, go through his coronation the following spring, and then, after his solemn elevation by the Church, marry the lady one day without asking anybody, for against that there was no law nor even a tradition to bring forward.

But Edward could not be persuaded to take such a course. He merely said: "That isn't fair." Later, looking back, he repeated: "It wouldn't have been fair. I didn't want to force anything on my people. I wanted to feel them with me, and I could certainly have brought them over to my side by a personal appeal."

At this point in the dilemma a morganatic marriage was proposed. As Duke of Lancaster he could make his wife a duchess without upsetting the country or dividing opinion in England. She would then be his legitimate wife without being Queen. After a few days' hesitation, the King accepted the proposal.

But even here his punctiliousness in all constitutional points prevented him from taking so spectacular a step without unquestionable approval. He therefore asked whether Baldwin would be prepared to introduce a bill expressly authorizing a morganatic marriage. Baldwin, after temporizing, replied that he did not believe that Parliament would ever pass a bill of the kind. Who spoke there, the friend or the minister? Was it an official, a fatherly adviser, or a master? In the end the King agreed to the question being laid before the Cabinet. Two days later, on November 27, Baldwin brought the Cabinet's answer. It was negative, and is understood to have included an assurance that the Cabinet would give up office if the King "insisted on his action."

NOW the King turned angry, and argued for two hours, but he was arguing with an iron Grand Vizier. The two parted without having come to any conclusion. From that evening on, the Cabinet felt sure of its ground.

The people were still in complete ignorance. Only the initiated knew what the Times meant when it praised the House of Commons and expressed the hope, in lofty terms, that it would prove its strength "in any crisis that may arise, whether foreign or domestic."

The leaders of the opposition to the King now realized that the state of affairs could no longer be kept secret. It was neither the Prime Minister nor the Times that ended the secrecy. It was the Bishop of Bradford, one Dr. Blunt, in a speech he delivered at the Diocesan Congress during a debate on the ceremony of the coronation. ". . . far more important than the

King's personal feelings at his Coronation," he said, " are the feelings of the people of England towards it." After this extremely unclerical but highly political remark, he continued: " We hope that he is aware of his need " of divine grace. " Some of us wish that he gave more positive signs of that awareness."

Thirteen cautiously placed words, spoken in a small room before a few dozen men.

The next day—the plan was well laid, for the provincial press is often used as an instrument to preserve a noncommittal appearance—the Yorkshire Post, a paper on the government's side, commented as follows on the bishop's remark: " Deep disappointment must necessarily result if . . . there should develop a dispute between the King and his Ministers such as must almost inevitably raise a constitutional issue of the gravest character." It added an allusion to the American press, which had been discussing certain intentions on the King's part for weeks past.

When this article reached London, Fleet Street rose as one man. From now on, the people could be told. The Bishop of Bradford, when inquiries began, beat a hasty retreat. All he had meant was that the King did not go to church often enough; besides, it was his habit to write his speeches weeks ahead and then commit them to memory. A year later, however, when everything had gone well, he declared in Quebec that he had set the ball rolling on purpose, since further silence would have been dangerous to both the Crown and the Empire.

But what he did not know, and what the world has not known, is that a friend of the King, a journalist, went to see him at the palace that morning, showed him a copy of the article which was to explode in London and all over England that evening, and assured him on the best of grounds that Baldwin, the Archbishop, and the editor of the Times had read and approved the bishop's speech beforehand. When the King confronted the Prime Minister, that same day, he replied that he knew nothing about it. The two others were never asked.

THE next morning, December 3, the sky over England darkened; something terrible happened; prices on the Stock Exchange fell. Besides this material proof of what a naughty boy the King was, the Times coined its moral slogan, which did not become true for being repeated thousands of times: the King must put his public duties before his private wishes. In reality, most kings have followed the dictates of their hearts, and, for all his love affairs, Edward VII was an excellent King.

The other unwarrantable catchwords also came to birth in those days: The Church of England cannot sanction divorce, and the King is the defender of the Church. A correspondent argued in the Times that hundreds of thousands of English soldiers had sacrificed their happiness and their wives to defend the country, and the King must do the same. This much quoted argument limps on both feet, for the King was expected to give up the thing he most desired, not in the defense of his country, but because a country which has one of the largest numbers of divorces would not tolerate a divorced woman on the throne.

MEANWHILE Baldwin had a yet higher trump card up his sleeve. He had consulted the five Dominions' premiers by cable, and all five answers were in the negative. He brought them to the King and renewed his assurance that his inquiries in the House and the Dominions had shown him that a bill for a morganatic marriage would not go through; his investigations, however, were not yet concluded. Once more the King was pitted against a single individual whose conviction was unshakable. The Dominions argument came five days after the threatened resignation of the Cabinet, nor could the King assure himself of its validity. For, though his Governors General were regarded as his personal representatives, he could not communicate with them direct, but only through the Foreign Office in London or the Dominions' governments.

Unarmed and lonely he sat, cut off from the feeling of his people, from his Empire, even from the House of Commons whose opinion had not yet been asked, like those Ottoman sultans who were the slaves of their deeply bowing viziers.

While they were thus isolating the King, the ministers withdrew from him, leaving him to his thoughts. In Mr. Mackenzie's unsurpassed words: " They were like showmen who had set fire to their tent and run away, leaving a caged lion to the flames. . . . the most anxious fear which beset these showmen was that the lion should burst from his cage before he had been burnt to death and leave them wondering whether the insurance companies would pay up on the tent."

There was no need for fear; the Cabinet had reinsured itself, Baldwin had negotiated with the leader of the Opposition and had, presumably, received his assurance that if the King should summon him to form a Cabinet he would decline. We may wonder, as others have done, why the Labor Party, at such a moment, could not rise to a new idea. Dogmatic objections checked any action by it. To crown them, there came the rumor that the lady was pro-Nazi in feeling, which had been carefully disseminated to turn the press, if not the workers, against this marriage and this King.

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*Was it a fact that the Dominions were solidly against the King? Mr. Ludwig will look into that question next week, and will show how political capital was made of Edward's dilemma not only by his opponents but also by some of his defenders.*

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# To the Ladies

## BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

AN American woman now runs a select boardinghouse in William Shakespeare's old home town. Born in Pittsburgh, she is Miss Fanny Bradshaw, niece of the actor Otis Skinner. During winter months she teaches speech and acting in New York, but as soon as summer comes she sails for England to open her Shakespeare Fortnight Hostelry at Stratford on Avon, where Sweet Will grew up. So many Shakespeare lovers flock there for the Festival Plays that Miss Bradshaw limits every guest to a stay of two weeks. The old house occupied by her hostelry was built about thirty years before Shakespeare's time. Now there's a Five and Ten store just across the street, and an aluminum cooking-utensil factory within sight of the bard's birthplace — yet curfew still rings at nine thirty on winter evenings, and two village characters are direct descendants of men who bore the same names and followed the same occupations in Shakespeare's day. They are Jaggard, the local bookseller, and Whately, the local fisherman.

Fanny Bradshaw started out to be an actress herself. Too tall for parts other than Shakespearean, she found not enough Shakespeare being done to give her a busy career, so she left the stage for teaching and summer landladying. Lectures and study courses are included at her hostelry along with room and board. Rates for the two-weeks stay are a little under seventy dollars. According to tradition, the door of her house must always be open. Sometimes sheep wander in, then have to be chased out.

☆ A true story Miss Bradshaw told me concerns the eight ancient inns at near-by villages where Shakespeare used to quaff strong ale. The villages are Pebworth, Marston, Hillborough, Grafton, Wixford, Bidford, Exhall, and Broom. It's a well known fact that few people today are able to make the round of all eight, as Shakespeare did, and walk home on steady legs. The only one of Miss Bradshaw's guests who ever succeeded in doing so, she tells me, was a lady professor of English from Iowa, U. S. A.

Among the young natives of Stratford on Avon brand-new milk-shake fountains in the American style are now more popular than Shakespeare's heady old inns.

☆ Three inexpensive send-off presents, novel and practical, for a girl's vacation kit:

Midget-size silver funnel to decant perfume from the original bottle to her pocketbook container without spilling. Her initials form the handle of the funnel. ($2.) . . . Sunburn oil in the tricky new "Beachcomber" sponge outfit that hangs from her beach-robe or bathing-suit belt. ($1.75.) . . . Flameless cigarette lighter (and it works!), safe for ladies with stylish veils aflutter.

☆ Here is a lobster recipe of my own invention. It's a company dish, and those to whom I have fed it sing its praise. (I'm not a bit modest about it, as you can see.) I call it *Liberty Lobster*. To make enough for six, proceed as follows: . . . Strip the meat from 3 boiled lobsters and cut in half-inch pieces. Have ready 3 diced tomatoes (with seeds removed); also 3 chopped green peppers. Simmer tomatoes and peppers in butter, adding 1 tablespoon paprika. Mix with lobster and replace in shells. Now stir up a biscuit dough, combining 1 cup grated cheese with 2 cups flour, and enough water and milk to keep the dough rather moist. Pat a layer of dough over top of each shell filled with lobster-tomato-peppers. Brush dough with egg yolk and water. Brown 12 minutes in quick oven. Serve with drawn butter seasoned with lemon juice and a dash of Worcestershire sauce.

☆ A man about town tells me that housewives who don't go all the time to parties are much more enjoyable, as dinner companions, than society girls who do. "Girls in the social whirl," he said, "are usually so tired out from the night before that they can scarcely keep their eyes open— not to mention their minds! Never seat me next to a popular deb at dinner. Give me a woman who puts in most of her time conducting her household affairs. She'll be a more amusing conversationalist—better talker and better listener."

☆ Dorothy Draper's new book, Decorating Is Fun! explains the principles of home furnishing in good straight language, up-to-date but not *arty*. The illustrations are smartly instructive, too. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Costs $2.79.)

☆ Repeating their marriage lines at the altar, some brides with caginess up their sleeves annoy a clergyman of my acquaintance by skipping or mumbling the word *obey*. But he knows how to make them say it. "If they hesitate," he declares, "I shut the book with a slam, almost catching their noses. That scares them into obedience. They say *obey* right out loud, like good little girls. I hope their bridegrooms observe my method."

"You should have seen the one that got away!"

# LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT

## The story of an Illinois town that's found the way to eliminate graft—and cut taxes

### BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

OAK PARK, Illinois, "the biggest village in the world," has started a movement that is spreading throughout America. In a little over a year it has conquered many towns and hamlets, many cities, many counties. In another year or so it may embrace every community in the nation.

It is a movement in old-fashioned Americanism. It stands for clean and intelligent government, and means to have it. It is relentlessly opposed to vote stealing, election frauds, graft, mismanagement of civic affairs, overtaxation, and crime.

And—it does "something about it."

Merle Potter, the man who "did something about it."

The idea originated in the mind of Merle Potter, an Oak Park merchant, an average American citizen who had never been very interested in public affairs.

Then, a few years ago, Mr. Potter happened to meet an old friend, a schoolmate. In school this fellow hadn't been very bright. Now Mr. Potter learned, with something between astonishment and alarm, that his old friend had actually been elected to Congress.

It had never occurred to him until that moment that congressmen were quite likely to be ordinary and ungifted mortals, as unfit to pass laws, now that they had matured, as they were to pass examinations in school.

That was shock No. 1. Shock No. 2 came when he met a friend who had made a study of election frauds in St. Louis and other cities.

"Probably eight million votes were stolen in the election of 1936," this friend declared. "I'll wager there isn't a community in the country, large or small, where votes aren't stolen in every election. The common people never have a chance."

Mr. Potter didn't believe that statement. "I know absolutely," he said, "that there's no vote-stealing in Oak Park. This is the best run village on earth."

Only a week or so later Mr. Potter picked up his paper and read, to his chagrin, that a candidate who had been defeated in the last Oak Park election, and who had demanded a recount, had proved that he had been robbed of a thousand votes in the first few districts counted.

Shock No. 3 arrived on schedule when Mr. Potter learned that no member of the state Assembly or the national Congress, be he ever so diligent, could read more than 15 per cent of the bills on which he must vote.

Mr. Potter began to consider ways and means of doing something about all this. Then he read an article written for Liberty by Frank G. Arnold, president of the Nebraska Federation of County Taxpayers' Leagues. The article was called, How to Lower Your Taxes. It told how the citizens of Nebraska communities, by banding together and taking action, were able to employ auditors and to examine the books of governing bodies; were able to prove graft, neglect, waste, carelessness, stupidity, and downright corruption on the part of those in office; were able to clean up their communities and lower their taxes to a minimum.

Mr. Potter gathered a group of friends about him. He put forth his ideas. And so, presently, was born Let's Do Something About It, Inc.

Shortly after the organization was formed, Mr. Potter, through the efforts of Ruthrauff & Ryan, a Chicago advertising firm, was given the opportunity to broadcast his ideas. During the week that followed, more than 5,400 letters, telegrams, and post cards were written to him. Men wanted to join the Let's Do Something About It organization, or to start one of their own.

OLD-FASHIONED AMERICANISM
DISHONEST POLITICIANS

Among the letters was one from the president of the Chamber of Commerce of a little Indiana town.

"We have several serious problems to contend with here," this man wrote. "We believe our public officials are stealing us into the poorhouse. Our local taxes are constantly going up. So are our assessments. Won't you come and talk to us?"

Mr. Potter consented. He talked for several hours. He helped to form a local committee. Then he returned to Oak Park. Since that time he has been called to speak in scores of other towns.

"But I'll never forget that Indiana city," he says, "nor what happened as a result of the formation of that committee. There was a slum-clearance project afoot. Members of the committee decided to get men who could tell them about it, experts from Washington and New York.

"The experts looked over the situation, appraised all the real estate that would have to be condemned and purchased, looked up titles, deeds, and mortgages, and discovered that most of the slums to be purchased by the taxpayers were owned by the politicians. The project was freighted with graft. The committee was able to kill it; thus saving the taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"A little later, in the same city, the mayor and the council decided they must have a new sewage-disposal plant. It wasn't until the committee hired experts and put them to work that they discovered the city intended to pay $40,000 too much for the plant. That $40,000, of course, was graft. But it was not paid. The city got the plant at a reasonable figure.

"Now, that is a good illustration of how we work. We don't know very much about government. So we hire experts to tell us what's right and what's wrong. Once we know what's right, we do something about it.

"We average Americans are, or have been, a lot of saps, or, as Mr. Bernarr Macfadden said in one of his editorials, a lot of damned fools. We know there is election thievery. We realize that the men we trust with our money, with billions of dollars of our money, are just human. But we have put no checks on human carelessness, no restrictions on the men who spend our money.

"The main idea," says Mr. Potter, "is community teamwork. Let everybody—except the officeholders and the professional politicians—work together when there's any kind of trouble in the community. When there's any proposition they do not understand, let them employ fact-finding experts, the best counsel obtainable.

"When it comes to a clash between capital and labor, or government and business, let the facts be gathered and made known. There has been too much hate and not enough common sense in these conflicts."

Let's Do Something About It, Inc., has made no attempt to solicit funds—yet thousands of dollars have been voluntarily donated. Its officers serve without recompense. The organization is nonpartisan, nonprofit-making.

Similar organizations now exist in twenty states. There is no control by the central body, the Oak Park corporation, except that under no circumstances will the corporation permit any local group to endorse candidates, or to "play politics" in any way.

Local problems must be discussed in open forum. Both sides must be presented. In each case the majority rules. Each organization must first clean up its local election machinery, then find out what the taxpayers are getting for their money. It must hire expert accountants and auditors to examine the books in public offices. If necessary, it must institute mandamus proceedings to obtain access to the books.

"Once we get rid of dishonest officials," Mr. Potter says, "we will be able to put honest men in their places, and to keep them honest. There are many honest politicians. They deserve all the support true Americans can give them.

"And we shall get rid of dishonest officials. It is so easy to find their guilt and to expose it. If enough Americans join us, we can clean up every city, every county, every state. We can clean up national politics too. We can cut taxes to the bone. We can do away with all threats of Communism and Fascism and other isms. We can keep this country a true democracy.

"Speaking of taxes, have you ever stopped to consider the cost of government?

"Here's how it works: Because the money in the city treasury has been wasted, taxes are raised. Therefore taxpayers have less money to spend on food, rent, clothes, luxuries. They must cut down on something. They cut out luxuries. That hurts business that deals in luxuries. Employees are let out. There are no jobs for them. So they go on relief. Taxes are raised to support them. Now the taxpayer must cut down on something else. Say he buys a cheaper suit than he used to. That hurts the clothing business. It has to fire a lot of people. They are added to the relief rolls. New taxes must be levied to support them. Again the taxpayer must cut down.

"If this sort of thing keeps up, there will be no buying power in America. Everybody will be broke. Nobody will be able to pay taxes. Everybody will be on relief. There will be no government to support them. There will be anarchy and revolution. So, let's do something about it."

THE END

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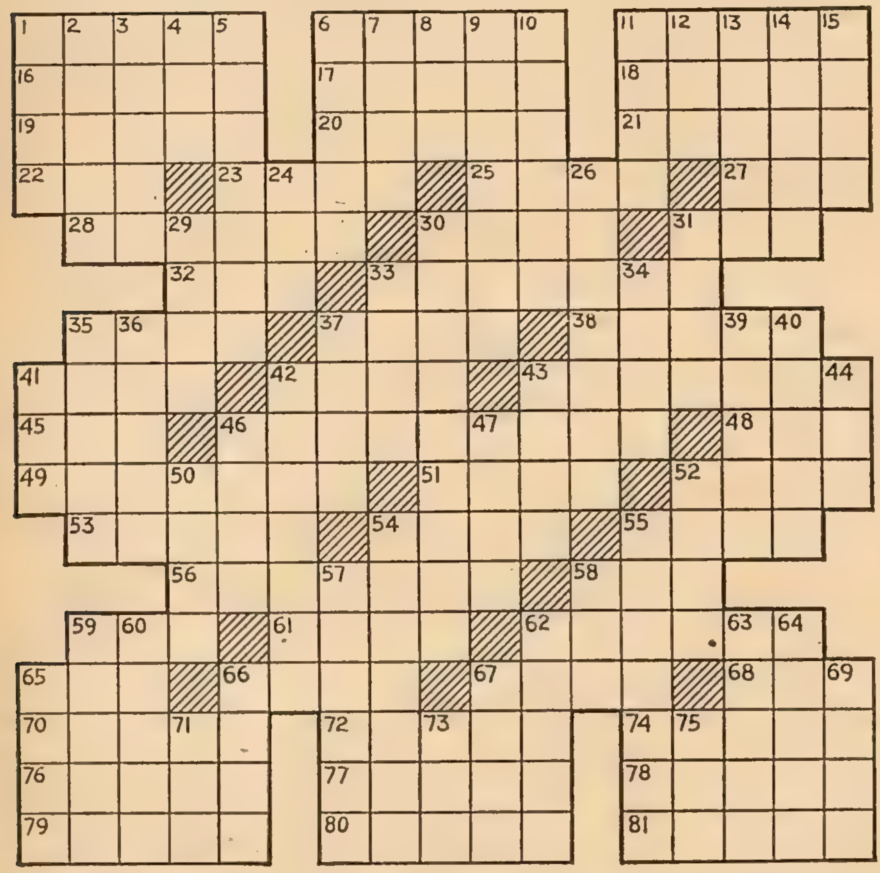
# CROSSWORDS

## BY LEE PASQUIN



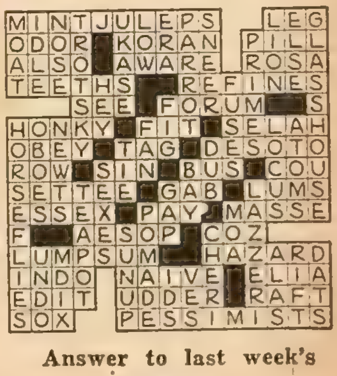
### HORIZONTAL

1 Conspiracy
6 Worship
11 Sought
16 Woman's name
17 An open vocal sound without friction
18 Cognizant of
19 Scatter loosely
20 Correct
21 One of the divisions of a calyx
22 Nervous affliction
23 Long ago
25 Dinge
27 Suffix: pertaining to
28 Scraps
30 At this place
31 Metal-bearing rock
32 Part of to be
33 Treasurer of a college (pl.)
35 Containers
37 Barriers
38 Reigned
41 A small elevation on the skin
42 Two of a kind
43 Takes away
45 Hail!
46 Paltriness
48 Kind of bird
49 Sexes (colloq.)
51 An incline
52 Hair cut close
53 Skims
54 Portion
55 Tangles
56 Compensation
58 Second son of Noah
59 Irritate
61 Dry
62 Newest
65 Town in the Netherlands
66 Stop
67 High tableland
68 Before
70 Depart
72 The cud of a ruminant
74 A kind of bird, as the loon or grebe
76 The devil
77 A study (mus.)
78 Sea
79 South African antelope
80 Decrees (obs.)
81 Leases

### VERTICAL

1 Molt
2 Those against something
3 Kind of tree
4 Consumed
5 Attorneys
6 Affirms
7 Cupola
8 To be in debt
9 Tries out
10 Those more advanced in years
11 Previous life
12 Fear
13 One staring with open mouth
14 Rub out
15 Take out (print.)
24 Poem
26 Closest
29 Rave
30 A violent whirlwind
31 City in Norway
33 Temptation
34 Kind of drink (pl.)
35 Caverns
36 A place of combat
37 Flying mammals
39 To turn outward
40 In ancient Greece: the common people
41 Wave
42 Persevere
43 Tear
44 Sip
46 Hurl a succession of missiles
47 Spikenard
50 A flat circular plate
52 Arrived
54 To interchange
55 Bullfighter
57 Starer
58 Possesses
59 Existing in imagination only
60 Lariat (Sp.)
62 Unaspirated consonants
63 Number
64 Negotiate
65 Instead
66 Dispatch
67 Inhabitant of ancient Persia
69 Sea eagles
71 The front
73 Moist earth
75 Frosting

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


MINTJULEPS LEG
ODOR KORAN PILL
ALSO AWARE ROSA
TEETHS REFINES
SEE FORUM S
HONKY FIT SELAH
OBEY TAG DESOTO
ROW SIN BUS COU
SETTEE GAB LUMS
ESSEX PAY MASSE
F AESOP COZ
LUMPSUM HAZARD
INDO NAIVE ELIA
EDIT UDDER RAFT
SOX PESSIMISTS

Answer to last week's puzzle

# WHEN LADIES GO SLAMMING

*By the famous bridge maestro*

## SIDNEY S. LENZ

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

N.
♠ J 10 8 2
♡ 3
♢ Q J 9
♣ K Q 9 4 3

W.
♠ K 9 6 4
♡ J 9 7 5
♢ 7 5 4 3 2
♣ NONE

E.
♠ 7 5 3
♡ 10 8 6 4
♢ 6
♣ 10 8 7 6 2

S.
♠ A Q
♡ A K Q 2
♢ A K 10 8
♣ A J 5

South played this hand at a grand slam in no trumps. On the diamond opening, the game seemed to be wrecked on the rocks of distribution. Although the defense was perfect, all thirteen tricks were made by a combination of excellent play, good repartee, and a fine regard for the rules. See what you can do before you read the story.

She gleefully bid for the grand slam. The player at her left doubled.

## Do women play contract as well as men? Suavely the expert answers—with a joker up his sleeve

IT was conceded at the club that Catlin was a pretty good bridge player. Even Catlin admitted it. Mortimer's status was doubtful. He admitted nothing.

They were in the throes of a discussion as to the penalty a player was justified in taking to save the rubber game, when Corning butted in.

"I say, Catsy, what would you do with this hand? I had five spades to the queen ten, four clubs to the jack, three diamonds to the queen, and one rotten heart. My partner doubled the opening bid of two spades and the next hand redoubled. . . ."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Catlin," interrupted the steward. "You are wanted on the phone."

"Thank you, René," answered Catlin, as he left hurriedly.

Corning turned expectantly to Mortimer, but that gentleman had already risen, and with a wave of his hand said, "I'll be back in a moment."

A moment later Mortimer arrived at the bar, and—there was Catlin.

"Rather short phone call, that," said Mortimer.

Catlin grinned.

"When I give René the high sign," he confided, "a phone call is usually in the offing. . . . About every second hand is a logarithmic problem to that poor drib. And when you give him the right dope, he is always there with an argument. He's worse than a woman."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mortimer. "There are lots of ladies, young and old, who play the game considerably better than some men I could mention."

"Not meaning—?" queried Catlin.

"Heaven forbid!" answered Mortimer. "But you seem to think that whenever a woman plays a good hand, she doesn't know what she's doing. Haven't you ever seen a woman play a hand perfectly?"

"Now that you speak of it," said Catlin thoughtfully, "I have. But you hit it right—she didn't know what she was doing."

"That's what *you* think," replied Mortimer. "It was probably intuition, something you wouldn't understand. Now, I was playing with a woman the other evening. She tore off a bid that certainly was a cuckoo. Took me to a grand slam, and with not a card in my hand above a seven, I made it, by my usual excellent play."

"If it was your usual play," said Catlin, "I can imagine how excellent it was. Tell you what I'll do, Mortimer: Bet you the drinks that the hand I have in mind was played better than yours—and I'll let you be the judge."

"You have a bet," answered Mortimer, as he took a pad and pencil and put down this hand:

N.
♠ A Q 10 8
♡ A K Q
♢ A K J 9 6 3
♣ NONE

W.
♠ K J
♡ J 10 9 7
♢ Q 10 8 7
♣ A Q 10

E.
♠ 9 7
♡ 8 6 5 4 3 2
♢ NONE
♣ K J 9 8 6

S.
♠ 6 5 4 3 2
♡ NONE
♢ 5 4 2
♣ 7 5 4 3 2

"I sat south and dealt. Can't say I was proud of my hand, holding only one six and one seven. I passed. West bid a no trump and my partner doubled. East went to two hearts, and I stuck my neck out with two spades. As I had passed originally, it looked as though, with a void in hearts, I should take some action. West passed, and I was dumfounded when my partner leaped to seven spades. This bid passed around to West, who doubled, and my partner redoubled."

"Served you right for bidding with a Yarborough," said Catlin.

"My partner," continued Mortimer, "was a charming young lady of the old-fashioned type. That was her favorite drink, if you know what I mean. The jack of hearts was the opening lead and as my partner laid down her hand, she said, 'I jumped it to seven at once because I have to go powder my nose,' and she left."

"Pretty good hand," mused Catlin.

"Yes, but it was a tricky one," said Mortimer. "The natural play appears to be the discard of three diamonds on the hearts and trumping a low diamond, but that play would not work because any trump East plays would shut me out. I figured from West's no-trump bid that he must hold three or four diamonds, so I played safe. I trumped the good heart, finessed the spade, played the ace, drawing all the opposing trumps. Now the ace of diamonds was another safety play. With East showing out, I had merely to trump both the ace and king of hearts to obtain the lead and pick up the twice-guarded queen."

"NOT bad—for you," said Catlin, as he reached for the pad and started marking down a hand.

"This remarkable hand was played by a lady who is only fair. She plays a lot with her husband, who is one of the best in the country. Playing so much with him, she heard quite a bit about the difficult coups. Her two cherished ambitions were to consummate a squeeze play and to make a grand slam, doubled and redoubled. Both aspirations were realized through an adversary's perversity."

"I'm ready to hear the gory details," joshed Mortimer.

"This lady," Catlin said, "is really a very fine woman, but she will never become a good player. She knew that a squeeze play consisted of leading out a long suit and forcing the enemy to make so many discards that they would be compelled to unguard one suit or another. Playing in a ladies' game, she dealt herself this gorgeous hand:

♠ A Q
♡ A K Q 2
♢ A K 10 8
♣ A J 5

"She opened with a demand bid of two hearts, and her partner responded with three clubs. The pleasing knowledge that her partner did not have a worthless hand prompted her to make a slam try with a call of five no trumps, and when she received the noble response of six no trumps, she gleefully bid for the grand slam. The player at her left doubled, and when the bid came round to her, she, of course, redoubled. She *always* redoubled a grand-slam declaration.

"The three of diamonds was the opening lead, and dummy laid down this perfectly ducky hand:

♠ J 10 8 2
♡ 3
♢ Q J 9
♣ K Q 9 4 3

"Could anything fit in more magnificently? With four top diamonds, three hearts, one spade and five clubs, she had her thirteen tricks, without even a finesse necessary. And one of her fondest hopes was realized at last.

"She spread her hand, trying ever so hard to keep the exultation from her voice, as she remarked, 'Thirteen tricks—a grand slam, doubled and redoubled!'

"The opponents looked at both hands, and the player at her right asked, 'How will you play it?'

"'Perfectly simple,' she replied. 'I'll just take in my top cards.'

"'Well,' said she at the right, 'suppose you play it that way, and—don't forget the rules.'

"'Now, if you aren't the foolish virgin—I mean virago! Of course I'll play it, and if you hope I'm going to revoke, you may prepare for a disappointment.'

"Four tricks in diamonds were taken in, then the ace of clubs and—horror of horrors!—the player at the left was void of clubs, which located five of them at the right, and stopped the suit. A hurried recount now showed but twelve tricks—unless—yes—a successful finesse in spades might provide the last trick.

"Tremulously she said, 'I—I may try a finesse, if I care to?'

"And the cold, catty reply was exactly what one would expect from that sort of person. 'My dear, I am terribly sorry, but Rule 54 of the International Bridge Laws implicitly states that if declarer has claimed, or indicated, that some or all of the remaining tricks are his, either opponent may require him to play the hand in the way in which he has stated that it is his intention to play it. Now I did ask how you were going to play the hand, and I don't think you said anything about a finesse, so I must insist that you play as stated.'

"When a rule and an opponent are equally hateful, there is nothing to do but make the best of it. The sixth trick was the jack of clubs, and with a faint glimmer of hope, she noted

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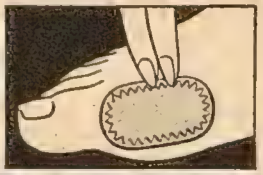

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that on the diamonds one player had discarded three spades, and on the clubs the other one had thrown two spades. With only two spades unaccounted for, there was the bare possibility that the king would fall, so she led the ace; but no miracle happened. The king did not drop, and the enemy to the right now gave up a heart. The five of clubs put dummy in to make the king and queen, and the declarer discarded her last spade. Back into her hand with the heart, she cashed in the ace, king, queen, and then, with a gesture of helplessness, threw down the two of hearts.

"*It was the only heart out!* She had double-squeezed the adversaries, and fulfilled her declaration against correct defense!

"And lo and behold, the devoutly wished-for but denied spade finesse would have been lost to the king at her left!"

This was the distribution of the entire hand:

♠ J 10 8 2
♡ 3
♢ Q J 9
♣ K Q 9 4 3

N.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ♠ K 9 6 4<br>♡ J 9 7 5<br>♢ 7 5 4 3 2<br>♣ NONE | W. E. | ♠ 7 5 3<br>♡ 10 8 6 4<br>♢ 6<br>♣ 10 8 7 6 2 |

S.

♠ A Q
♡ A K Q 2
♢ A K 10 8
♣ A J 5

At the ninth trick, when dummy led the club king, these cards remained:

♠ J 10
♡ 3
♢ NONE
♣ K 9

N.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ♠ K<br>♡ J 9 7 5<br>♢ NONE<br>♣ NONE | W. E. | ♠ NONE<br>♡ 10 8 6<br>♢ NONE<br>♣ 10 8 |

S.

♠ Q
♡ A K Q 2
♢ NONE
♣ NONE

Of course East had been forced to give up a heart to save a guard to the clubs, and West could not retain the high spade and also keep four hearts.

"And so it was brought about," concluded Catlin, "that through a curious caprice of fate, the insistence of an adversary for her vaunted rights forced the consummation of a contract that would otherwise assuredly have been defeated. . . . It was interesting to see the expression on my wife's face—" Catlin checked himself abruptly.

"You win," said Mortimer. "What will you have?"

"A strike, please."

"A what?"

"Strike—Bacardi, Cointreau, grenadine, and lime."

"But how come?"

"Take three and you're out. What's yours?"

"I'll take a psychic."

"What kind of drink is that?"

"Whisky to you—ginger ale in a small glass to the barkeep. I'm on the wagon."

THE END

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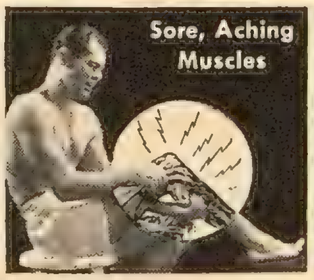

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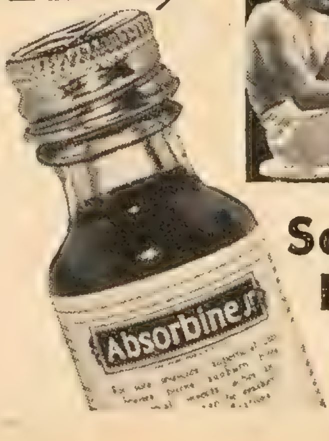

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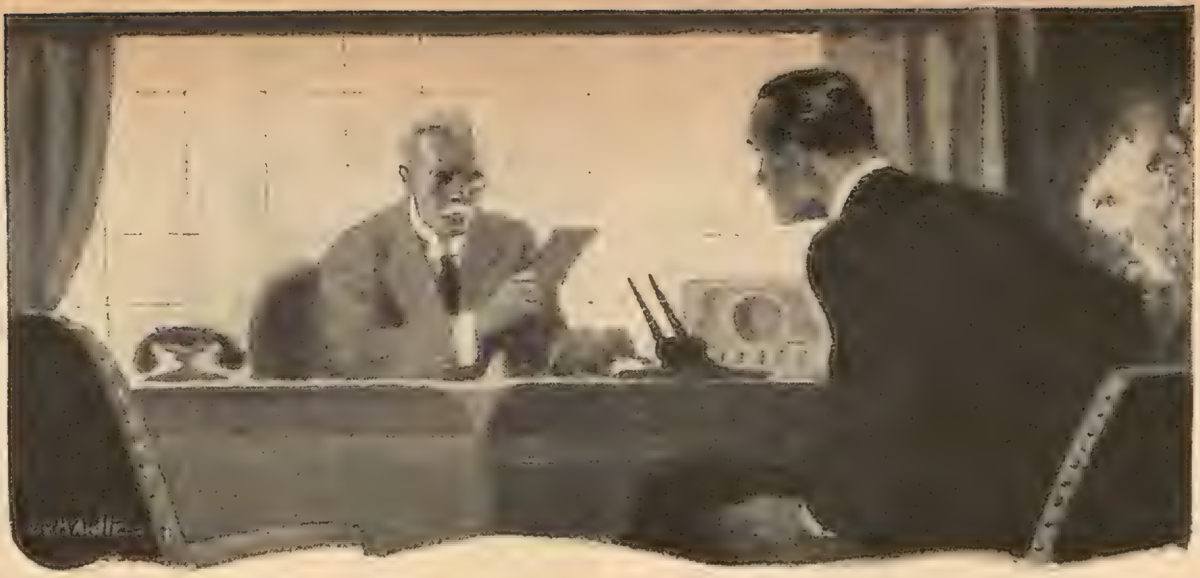

# BOYS WILL BE MEN

*Liberty's Short Short*

## BY MORTON THOMPSON

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

HARRY MEIKELJOHN had been with Gresham & Gresham for twenty-two years. He had entered General Manager Gresham's office thousands of times. Perhaps three times a day. But never without quivering. For twenty-two years. And no one knew it. He wasn't the type.

He was six feet tall. He weighed two hundred pounds. His face was a square mask of honesty and doggedness and pride.

He stood just inside the door.

"Come in, Harry," Gresham said gravely. "Come in and shut the door."

He came in, shut the door, and sat down. Gresham looked on his desk for a certain piece of paper. Harry's feet moved uneasily upon the thick-piled rug. He stared over the corner of the heavy desk at Charles Gresham's pitiless thin face. He was "Old Flinty," fifty-six, unshakably honest, capable of walking twenty miles to return a nickel given him by mistake.

Harry Meikeljohn had a wife, two grown sons, a small daughter. He was assistant cashier. For Gresham & Gresham he handled thousands of dollars daily. He was never a penny short. He was never a penny over.

Gresham found the paper. He looked up from it.

"You say you must decline the promotion. What's the matter, Harry? Afraid of responsibility?"

Harry stared back steadily. He swallowed. He would have given every tooth in his head for the promotion.

"No, sir. It was very—kind of you to offer it."

"Something troubling you?"

Harry's tongue stuck dryly. His face became a mask.

"No, sir. It's the extra time," he said carefully. "I like to go home early nights. I'm sure of myself where I am, sir. Perhaps you wouldn't like my work, promoted. You don't mind, sir?"

Gresham went back to studying the paper. "You've been with us twenty-two years, Harry. You've been promoted three times. A each time it was like pulling nails to get you to accept what you'd earned. What are you afraid of, Harry?"

"Afraid, sir? You can look at my books, sir—"

Harry shook silently at the core of him.

"I know. They balance to the penny. You're a competent man, Harry Meikeljohn. I respect you. You could have been a vice-president years ago. You're honest, Harry. I admire an honest man before anything else in the world. And yet, you're afraid of promotion. Every man we've got is an investment. If you won't prove out—you're no asset, Harry. You're a liability."

The general manager's face became hard as granite. "That's a fine family you've got, Harry. Credit to the community. Do they know it when you turn down a promotion?"

"No, sir. I—I—keep myself to myself, sir."

"But your wife knows it, doesn't she?"

When Gresham said that, Harry Meikeljohn knew it was all up. The fear in him was horrible.

Gresham's hand, holding the paper, came down on Harry's knee.

"You're afraid of promotion—because you don't want to be pushed into the limelight, Harry. Afraid some one will remember—some one will find out. For twenty-two years the fear in your heart's been almost as great as the amount of work you've done. And, Harry—I know!"

A blunt forefinger pointed to the paper. It wasn't Harry's note declining the promotion. It was a Leavenworth report.

"You were about to get married and you were desperately in love and you were a mail clerk and you had never stolen anything in your life, and one day you opened a letter and stole six dollars. For the wedding ring. And they wouldn't let you pay it back. And she married you anyway. But the government sent you up. Only a few months. But, Harry, you haven't really been out of jail for twenty-two years."

Harry Meikeljohn shut his eyes.

"I've worked hard, sir. I've been honest as—"

"Honest as I am," said Gresham mockingly. "You're a shut-mouth, Harry. When I was seventeen, I forged a check for—for—two hundred and eighty-one dollars and seventy-three cents. Not even my father could get me off. I served a year, Harry. Go back to work. There's a difference between dishonesty—and plain foolishness. You're taking the cashier's job beginning tomorrow morning."

Harry walked out of the office. He wasn't quivering now. He was free forever. Life had just really begun.

Gresham smiled at the ceiling.

"A little lie doesn't hurt," Old Flinty said dryly. "Not a little white lie. God!" he said. "What that poor devil's been through! Don't I know!"

He opened a drawer of his desk. He took out an old, old yellowed check. On the back was stamped: "Forgery." He turned it over.

The date said: "June 12, 1900." That was the day of the school dance. With Marian. And him broke.

"Pay to the order of Charles Gresham," it said, "the sum of two dollars and seventy-three cents." And below, written boldly but scared to death, in Charles Gresham's honest hand, was the signature:

"John Pierpont Morgan."

THE END

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Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

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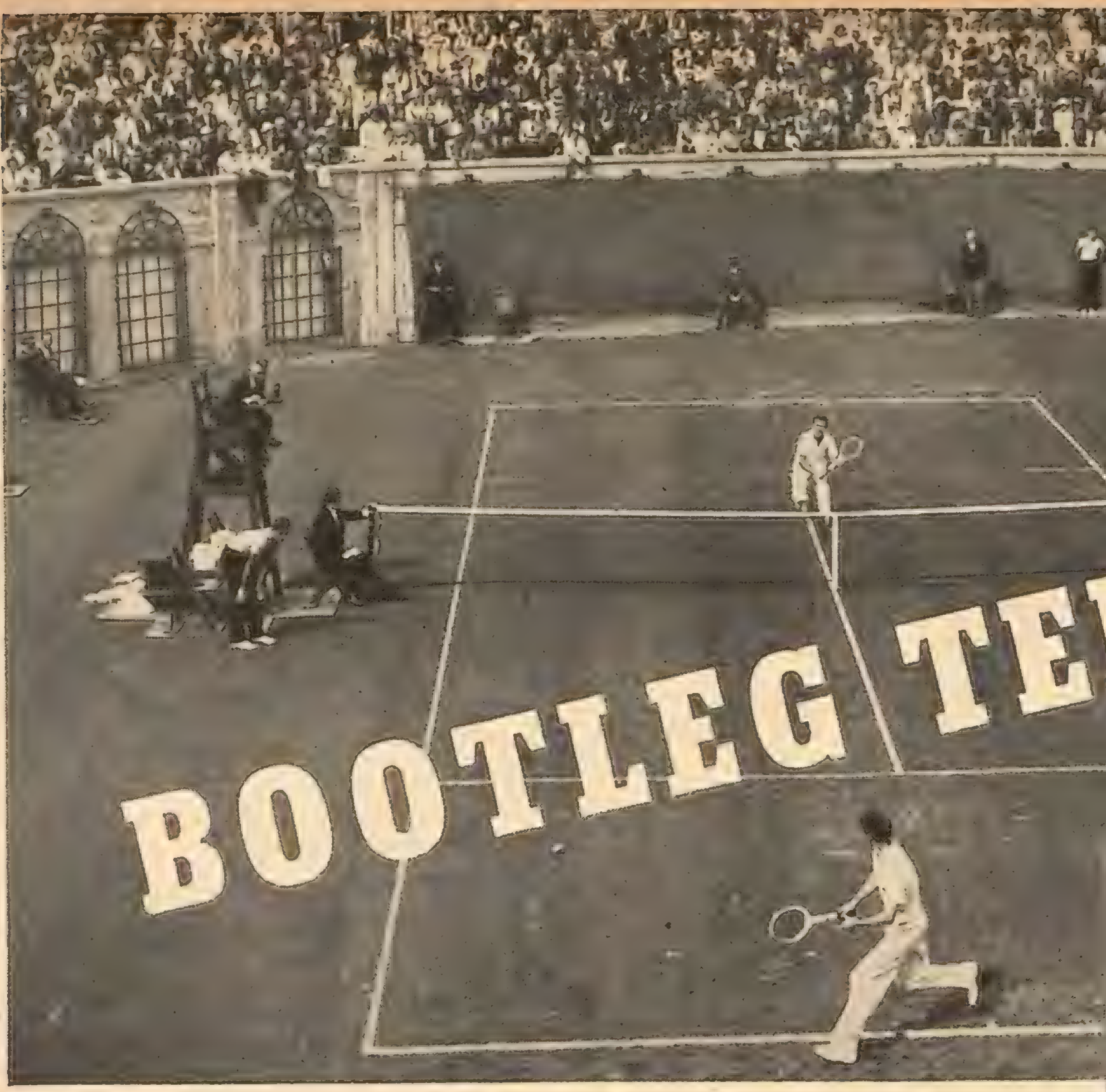
# BOOTLEG TENNIS



## A famous teacher, Alice Marble's coach, swings a few fast ones concerning pros and amateurs

### BY ELEANOR TENNANT

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

ELEANOR TENNANT

AMATEUR tennis as it is practiced by far too many of the leading men players today is an illegitimate and bootleg business. Such players are in the game for the money they can make out of it while posing as amateurs, with an eye always cocked toward their market value when and if they have a chance to turn out-and-out professional.

Tennis has come to a pretty pass when the majority of ranking players are first-class crapshooters and poker players. The youth of today are fast dragging this wonderful game down to the level of the prizefighting ring. They play their best only when they have a big bet up on the match, and we hear of huge sums of money placed by their " cover-up " men on matches in which they participate. It was common gossip last year that the pari-mutuel system of betting was used in one tournament and that " gentlemen " representing a metropolitan betting ring circulated round the exclusive tennis clubs prepared to cover bets up to fifty thousand dollars on certain matches.

To be sure, there is no danger of these racketeering players ever destroying tennis. There are too many people who play for the sheer love of the game and what it symbolizes. But it is only by applying drastic measures that those who are interested in preserving tennis as the " ladies' and gentlemen's game " that it was in the early stages of its history can prevent these bootlegging tennis players from setting the standard of competitive tennis and the moral conduct of the fine younger generation of players ready to step into their boots.

And first and foremost among the rescuers must be the members of the United States Lawn Tennis Association. Here is a body of men who have given unselfishly of their time and energy to put tennis on the map. They have done a grand job of organization. But now they must do an equally grand job of house cleaning.

In my opinion, the open tournament is the remedy. Not next year or the next, but now. Tennis as a spectator sport has been built up on business principles. Its cash customers are the public who pay their dough to see first-class speedy streamlined tennis. If they don't see it, they're going to give tennis a cold shoulder.

As matters stand today, the first ten professionals in the world could defeat our first ten ranking amateurs in straight sets. A wild statement? Maybe, but take a look at them: Budge, Vines, Stoefen, Neusslein, Perry, Tilden, Kozeluh, Cochet, Barnes, and Lott on one side of the fence, versus Riggs, Bromwich, Austin, Mako, Wood, Joe Hunt, Grant, Cooke, and Shields on the other. Amateur tennis is at this low ebb today because the top-notch players over a period of eight years have been leaving the amateur ranks for the lucrative field of professional tennis. Amateur tennis is now beginning to feel the result of this continued bloodletting. The attitude of our amateur today is, " Why should I go out and kill myself to get high ranking? The guy at the top will turn pro and I'll move up automatically. Why work for what is going to be handed me on a silver platter? " It's too bad that these players take this destructive attitude.

It hurts tennis, robs the public, and in the end will come back like a boomerang on the players themselves.

Professionals have a great deal to offer to the growth of the amateur game. They should have been on the pay roll of the Tennis Association the past two or three years, for the purpose of coaching and playing with the first five ranking amateurs for at least a month or six weeks prior to the national tournaments and a week before the Davis Cup matches.

The conceit and laziness of the amateur players of today is pitiful. And their court manners! It is shocking to any one who knows the traditions of tennis to see these young boys making a show of their fatigue in tournament play, stalling during the match, throwing themselves flat on the grass afterward, presumably too exhausted to thank the linesmen or umpire for their services.

This lack of manners may seem to be a surface thing, but it is the outward manifestation of the whole attitude of this type of tennis player, who feels no obligation to any one, least of all to himself. Does he ever consider that he is cheating the cash-paying public when he doesn't keep in training, and so plays very bad tennis for three sets when the match should be a snappy two-set one?

ALL these little boys think it's terribly decent of them to let the Association work on such genius, and what a break for them! They tell men old enough to be their fathers and in some cases their grandfathers where to head in. Such power in young hands cannot be useful or constructive.

The only way to stop the bootleg player of today from writing his own ticket is to professionalize him. Then would he be out on a limb! He is not adequate as a teaching professional, nor does he play well enough to be a barnstorming professional. Men's tennis might suffer for a couple of years, but at the end of that time amateur tennis would have a nice representative group of real amateurs.

It would be a real contribution to the coming generation of tennis players if men like Wilmer Allison, John Van Ryn, and John McDiarmid were made members of the Tennis Association. These younger men are nearer to the problems of the modern player than the older generation of officials, and, having been great players within the memory of the youngsters, would command their respect.

Tennis has not always been the streamlined spectator sport that it is today. It was played first in America in the '70s, in back yards, on vacant lots, on rich people's estates, or in some corner of the cricket clubs' grounds. It was a ladies' and gentlemen's game, played for pleasure.

Even the first Davis Cup matches in 1900 did little to popularize tennis as a thing crowds went to see. And the fact that the national championship was played at Newport made tennis very class-conscious.

The game started its big-time history when the famous and beloved California Comet, Maurice McLoughlin, came upon the scene. Maurice speeded up the game so tremendously that men no longer thought of tennis as a " sissy " game. The public's interest grew. Tennis had to be organized as big business. A powerful group of men took hold and did one magnificent job.

But the thing got ahead of them. Tennis, which started out as a game for rich boys and girls who could afford to play it, had now become the game of many boys and girls who could not afford it. Players must be had to keep up the gate receipts. Patriotism came into the picture. The Davis Cup became the sacred cow of tennis. The Davis Cup must be defended at all costs, and it cost plenty. Players grew accustomed to having their legitimate expenses paid, so they began padding the swindle sheet and we had with us the well known " tennis bum."

What happens to our young tennis " hopefuls " today? At sixteen or seventeen they begin what they call the " tennis tour," starting with one tournament in their own city, then the Junior Championship. Then hip, hip, hooray! They're off! To the Middle West tournaments, then the grass-court circuit, closing with the Nationals at Forest Hills. Then away they go out to Los Angeles for the Pacific Southwest tournament, and, so they won't get " stale," they stop off on the way to play in exhibition matches. After Los Angeles the Berkeley championship. On to Houston, New Orleans, Bermuda, and points south. Then Australia, South Africa, the Riviera, Paris, and Wimbledon. Then they start all over again.

Big-time tennis places a young boy in a sophisticated atmosphere that he can't understand, which does not belong to him and is not becoming to his age. What do these boys who continue at least nine months out of the year to be tennis troupers use for money? How do they manage to buy good clothes, live on the fat of the land, and own more or less expensive cars? By the backdoor method. It is commonly known that players are on the pay roll of sporting-goods firms (for work they don't do). Were it not for the generosity and amateur-mindedness of certain firm managers we would not have kept three of our world's champions in amateur ranks as long as we did.

THE open-tournament plan which I propose would relieve the Tennis Association of all responsibility for moral conduct, mental development, or financial support of the players. No player's expenses should be paid for playing in either amateur or open tournaments. Only for Davis Cup play should amateurs, and pros also, receive expense money, and the Davis Cup matches should alternate between being amateur matches one year and professional the next. This would leave the amateur tournament wide open for the player who plays tennis because he loves it and not to make a living out of it, who plays it in his leisure time and can afford to pay his own expenses in the tournaments in which he plays. It would automatically force the boy who now makes a living out of amateur tennis into the professional ranks, unless he chose to earn his living by a little real work and relegate tennis into a leisure-time occupation.

BOTH professionals and amateurs would be eligible to play in the open tournaments, and the keen competition would produce a brand of tennis that would bring people in droves to watch the matches. Amateur players would not share in the purse, but pros reaching the quarter- and semifinals and finals would divide the money.

So far I have not spoken of women's tennis in relation to this amateur-pro question. With one or two exceptions, the girls have been pretty good sports about abiding by the amateur rules. There have been many fine women players who have had to give up tennis because they did not know the chiseling methods that would have made it possible for them to continue as amateurs without any visible means of support.

Perhaps women have not seen any advantage in turning professional other than in a teaching capacity. Then, too, many of them have the mid-Victorian viewpoint that professionalism hurts their social standing. They do not, in most cases, have to be breadwinners, and if they do, they have found ways outside of tennis—writing, dress designing, art, or secretarial work. But even in the women's game I know open tournaments would raise the standard of play.

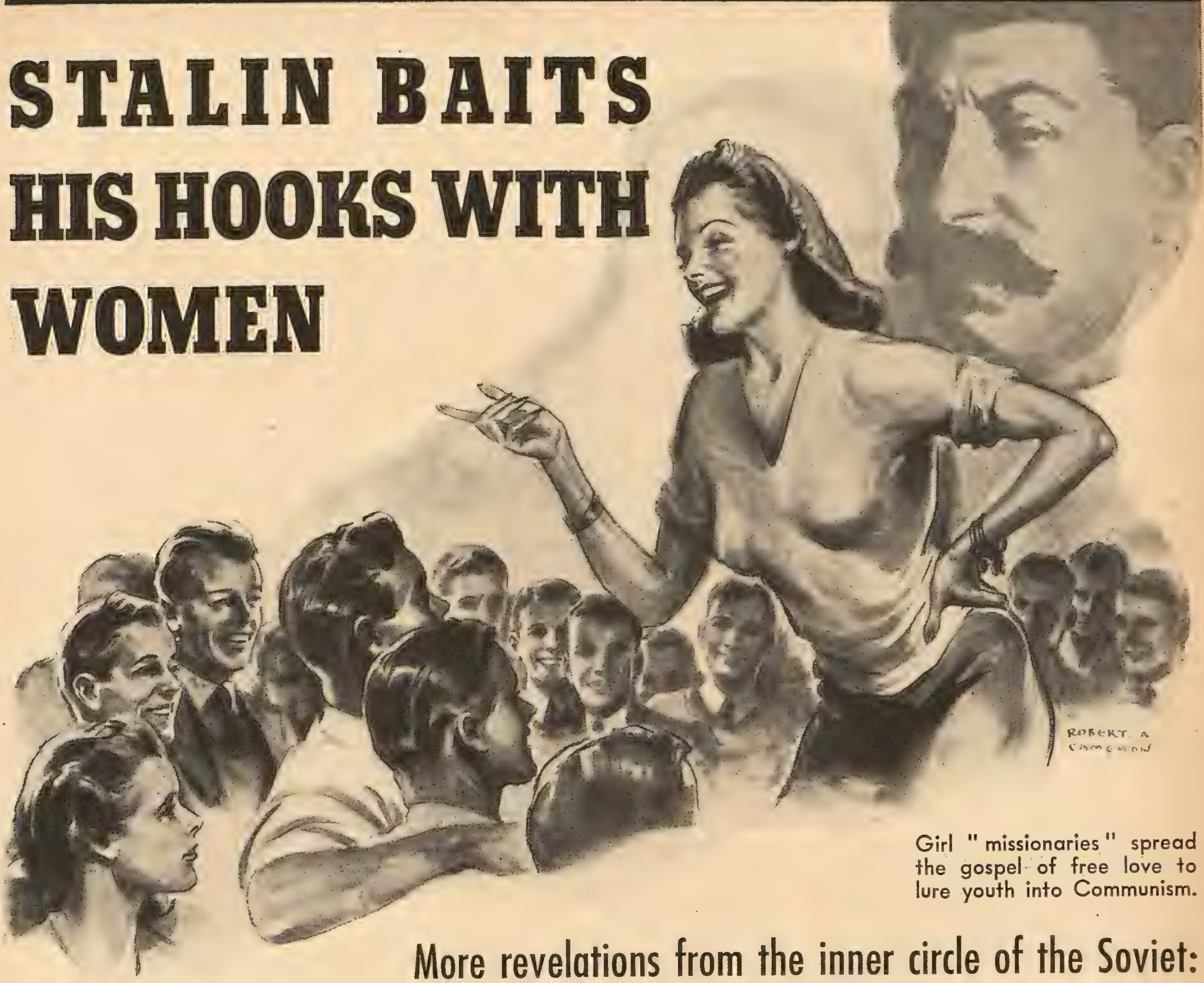
Do not think I am speaking of tennis as an outsider looking in. I have been heart and soul in tennis since I was a girl of fifteen. I know what I'm talking about. I turned pro in a teaching capacity when I was twenty because I needed the money, but I did not give up my amateur standing and my hope of becoming a champion without a struggle. It shows how far removed tennis was from big business in those days, and how far professionalism was from being a real problem to the Tennis Association, that when I decided that I had enough money laid up to play amateur tennis again, I was reinstated merely for the asking. It was taken for granted that I had only turned pro to earn my living in an honest way.

After I had climbed to third place in national ranking I turned again to teaching tennis, so I know both sides of the question. I have taught many of the present-day players and have given freely of my time and money to help those who needed it, and I hate to see them being their own worst enemies and spoiling one of the world's finest games for those who love it.

THE END

## I was a COMMUNIST in the U. S. A.

# STALIN BAITS HIS HOOKS WITH WOMEN



Girl "missionaries" spread the gospel of free love to lure youth into Communism.

### More revelations from the inner circle of the Soviet: Girls who lure college boys into joining the Red ranks

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

### BY COMRADE X

DICTATORS, since the beginning, have leaned heavily on the lure of sex appeal.

Rome's Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus, if rebellion threatened, regaled his subjects with thousands of women dancing in the streets.

Hundreds of years later, Havana's Machado, faced with revolution, fed the populace obscene motion pictures, and the revolution adjourned for lack of a quorum.

But the Roman and the Cuban were mere dabblers in pornography. The political procurers of the Kremlin and Union Square are racketeers in vice on a grand scale.

When I joined the Communist Party I was married and had two children. I was a member of a church and had a job. I was what people call "settled."

Moreover, I had wrestled through long nights of burning oil with the writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. I was convinced then—but I know better now—that their doctrines constituted the one cure for all of the ills of mankind.

After four years in the inner councils of the party in this country, however, I have learned that the usual proselyte to the Red religion is less mature, less concerned about the ills of mankind, less interested in anything or anybody but himself.

What he wants is what the other fellow has. And in the eyes of the susceptible high-school youngster, the college undergraduate—in the eyes of a certain type of boy everywhere—what he wants is a girl.

The Communist Party in America, like its parent body the Communist Party in Russia, has been quick to recognize this youthful want. Why bother about the old folks? say Stalin and Dimitrov. They'll be dead before they can do us any good. So, while timid demagogues, living in the present, propose old-age security, Communists, thinking only of the future and their control of it, grant young age privilege.

"Here are girls," Communism says to youth. "Take your choice. Help yourself. Use them and throw them away."

Never in the history of the world has there been a more brazen exploitation of immorality.

The "runners" in this racket—the "missionaries," if you will, who spread this abominable gospel of free love in exchange for disloyalty to their country—are well chosen. They are strong young girls who think no more of immorality than of drinking a glass of beer. They are cheaper than that: they don't even cost five cents.

In making the statements I have just made, I realize that I am offending the sensibilities of many worthy people who honestly believe that such conditions, even if they exist, shouldn't be talked about. Many anti-Communists still have the mistaken idea that publicity of any kind advertises the party and enables it to recruit new members.

Such is not the case. Investigations of the Communist Party invariably result in the loss of membership. The germs of Communism breed in the dark. Expose them to the sunlight of publicity and they shrivel and die.

In these matters I feel that I can justly speak with authority. I have been a member of the Communist Party for four years. I have held high offices in the party. I have been arrested eight times for my devotion to Communist principles. I know the truth, and now that I do know it for what it is, I must tell it.

NATURALLY, I shall be branded as a Fascist, a Liberty Leaguer, a tool of "the interests." These are the names which my Communist brothers give to all who oppose them. Naturally, too, the question will arise in the minds of many non-Communists: "Why doesn't he resign from the party and come out in the open against it?"

I tried to resign from the Communist Party the moment I became aware of its subversive practices. But what good did it do me?

The Communist Party, according to the Trojan Horse policy as enunciated by Stalin's mouthpieces in America, is a legal party, just like the Republican and Democratic Parties. But with this difference: You can quit the Republican Party if you want to. You can quit the Democratic Party if you want to. They simply read you out and cut off whatever patronage you had or were entitled to. But quit the Communist Party? No! Once a Communist, always a Communist.

You can't even quit the neighborhood in which you live, you can't even go on a visit to Niagara Falls on your honeymoon, without permission of the party. The bylaw reads:

"No member has a right to take a leave of absence without the permission of his Branch. Leaves of absence not exceeding one month may be granted by the Branch. An extended leave of absence, upon the recommendation of the Branch, is acted upon by the next higher committee of the Party. Before a leave of absence is given the member shall pay up dues, and settle his financial obligations up to and including the end of the leave of absence period."

The entire truth of the matter is that our Communist Party is not an American political party in any respect but is simply a branch of the Communist International which governs Russia. As such, it is no more legal than murder or arson or rape.

Even today, when I feel that the time has come to talk, and talk plainly, I would not be allowed to quit the party. I know too much. But I *can* tell what I know under the protection of at least temporary anonymity—a privilege which the editor of Liberty has granted me after a thorough examination of my credentials.

I said "temporary anonymity." I have no hope that it will last. The one punishment for telling the truth about Communism—in Russia or here—is death.

In this country our Russian masters do not hold public trials as window dressing to their purges. But the operatives of the dreaded G. P. U. are as active here as they are in Russia—perhaps more so at this crucial stage of the world Bolshevist movement. Their victims do not get either public or private trials. There isn't time. As one of my Communist colleagues puts it, "Something always happens to them."

At that, their fate—and mine, if and when my identity becomes known—is no worse than that which awaits millions of liberty-loving American men, women, and children, if the truth is not told, and told in time.

So, partly against my will, partly at the call of duty, I have remained within the party. I have become, I believe, the first prominent member ever publicly to reveal its murderous designs upon the liberties of the American people—designs that lurk behind the smoke screen of patriotism Comrade Stalin has erected around his plan to make America a part of Soviet Russia. Out of the knowledge I have gained, I am prepared to prove the statements I make in these pages.

For example, Communist leaders were greatly alarmed last October when Donald E. Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Henry of Dodge City, Kansas, was killed while fighting with the Spanish Loyalist army in Spain.

There was nothing unusual about Don Henry's case. Approximately 3,000 American boys, mostly out of colleges and universities, were sent to Spain by American Communists, and at least half of them were slaughtered to make a Communist holiday. Many of these boys were recruited by young women Communists trained especially for "recruiting" work. In a majority of cases these young women, usually very attractive, not only stressed the free-love aspects of Communism but granted freely their own favors, if necessary, in order to interest youth in the Communist movement.

WHAT made the Henry case alarming to the men behind the proselyting campaign was that the facts were spread on the legislative records of a great state.

According to those records, young Henry and Kenneth Graeber, another Kansas University student, were recruited for the Communist Party by a young lady especially trained for this work and sent to Lawrence, Kansas. This girl was more or less typical of the many Communist "runners" who are still being planted in American colleges and youth organizations to add their allure to the Communist doctrine of free love.

When word of Donald Henry's death in the Communist Loyalist army reached his father, Ed Henry, a Dodge City stockman, he immediately blamed his son's enlistment on the Communist Party. He found a letter among Don's possessions at home which read:

Dear Don:
Here is the $22.00 I promised to send you. I expect I'll see you Wednesday. Tell Sam I'll call him up when I come in. Yours,
———.

The name signed was that of an actual worker in the Kansas Communist Party.

Donald Henry traveled to New York City on the twenty-two dollars, and went to the Y. M. C. A. at Twenty-third Street, where he was contacted by members of the party and taken to the Stuyvesant Casino on Second Avenue, three blocks from Communist headquarters, for instruction. All arrangements for his enlistment in the Red Loyalist army and his transportation to Spain were made by our party.

AS a result of his death, a move was started to investigate Communist influence in Kansas University; but the moment it commenced, the party started an opposition move to head off the probe. The proposed bill, providing for the investigation of Communism, which passed the lower branch of the Kansas Legislature by an overwhelming majority, was killed in the Senate on the theory that the probe would merely advertise the Reds and that it would do irreparable damage to the university.

Nothing was said about the damage that is being done every day and every night to the morals and ideals of the students not only of this one university but of dozens of universities and colleges by these Communist girl agents of corruption.

I talked with one of them not long ago, a girl who was plying her trade in Eastern universities, and she told me that she had been told to "clean up" a little in accordance with the present interpretation of the Trojan Horse or Clean Nose policy.

"The party's getting awful fussy," she confided. "My instructions are still to wear tight dresses and exert all my charms to attract boys to the meetings, but not to be immoral with them unless absolutely necessary. It seems that the party has gotten wise to the fact that membership based solely on that sort of thing does not last. As soon as the newness wears off, members stop attending the meetings and paying dues."

In late years Communists have been very successful in recruiting Negroes in various parts of the country, partly through white women comrades, who have gone into the South and engaged in clandestine relationship with Negro leaders in order to interest them in Communism, and partly through Negro members who have been sent to the Soviet Union for instruction.

A talk made by a Negro comrade a few days after he returned from Russia last summer is typical of the arguments made by these comrades to recruit Negroes for the party. I am not revealing the name of the speaker and the place where the speech was made, as it would furnish a direct clue to my identity. But I can assure you that his listeners were aroused to a high pitch when he said:

"In the Soviet Union our people are the same as white folks. . . . If somebody finds a Negro with a white woman, they don't think any more about it than if it had been a white man. They wouldn't think it was any of their business; that the woman wouldn't be with the Negro if she hadn't wanted to. That's the way the workers treat Negroes in the home of the working class; that's the way they'll treat them in the United States when we colored people all join with our white comrades and establish Socialism."

BUT not all the oratory at these proselyting meetings is left to the men. The girls put on a public show which is quite in keeping with their private activities. In fact, I can think of no better way to show the manner in which the party is corrupting American youth than to quote from my notes on a Communist branch meeting I attended in 1937.

In my capacity as organizer and educational director, I took notes and later made out a typewritten report of what was said by the speaker, a beautiful buxom district organizer for the Communist branch, who had, it seemed to me, purposely purchased a dress several sizes too small for her. I am withholding from publication the name of this young woman and the place where the meeting was held, for the reason already stated in the case of the Negro orator, although in both instances I have given all details to the editor of Liberty. About half of the audience at this gathering were girls.

The speaker began with the usual pap which Communist orators hand out to audiences old and young:

"We must admit facts as we find them and deny the bourgeois fiction of conventions, precedents, customs, and teachings of an outgrown, ancient social order that permits the exploitation of the labor of the youth of our country who are given such a small wage that they can hardly maintain themselves in decency, let alone marry and support a family in comfort."

But she soon got down to the special interests of her special audience:

"In America," she shouted, "we have the Mann Act, police raids on dwellings and hotel rooms to discover sweethearts who in mutual agreement have dispensed with legal rites. We have politically controlled houses of prostitution where the daughters of the working class are forced to barter their bodies because of poverty, hunger, and the super-exploitation of the dogged labor of their parents by the greedy, grasping hand of industry that is mercilessly squeezing the last ounce of energy out of the over-

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worked bodies of the workers. . . .

"We have thousands of unfortunate, diseased prostitutes roaming the streets, spreading syphilis, gonorrhea, tuberculosis.

"We have thousands of weak-minded social morons, degenerates, children born with inherited diseases, suffering from rickets, infantile paralysis, malnutrition, syphilis, and gonorrhea.

"We cannot . . . expect children of the working class . . . to rush out and change conditions.

"Who, then, must change these conditions? We, the Young Communist League, working through the N. Y. A., the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and other youth groups, must organize the youth of our country so that home life will not be destroyed, so that the youth will have social and economic security, education in social hygiene.

"We Communists do not believe that the holy bonds of matrimony are sealed in heaven. We do not believe in marriage as practiced in America.

"When we contrast the sex life of the workers under our capitalist form of government with the Utopian Land of Socialism in Russia, we find there sex freedom practiced at an early age. Love is taught to youth as a natural function."

She went on in unprintable detail. Yet in this description of sex life under the Soviet the speaker was telling only the truth. Communists at large have no respect for chastity in women. We Communists—I now know better—see nothing wrong about sex relationship out of marriage if both parties are willing. We see nothing wrong about couples living together without registering their marriage, if that is their pleasure and desire.

As a result, relationships out of marriage are the common rather than the unusual thing in Russia; and the younger generation, schooled in atheism, thinks nothing more of it than we Americans do of sitting down to eat. Men and women, strangers, are quartered in the same rooms in hotels when they are crowded, sleep in the same berths in trains, bathe together in the same bathhouses, and swim together wholly unclothed at resorts.

THE speaker continued:

"In order to change the intolerable life of American youth we must organize the Young Communist League and we must fight for an extension and expansion of the National Youth Congress. It is the job of the Y. C. L. to build the American Youth Congress. . . . This is what we mean when we say we are a service organization. . . ."

The above is a fair example of the talks given to American youth by paid agents of the Y. C. L. I have heard scores of them—mostly from attractive young women who think nothing of fitting their deeds to their words.

The Young Communist League, in whose name they speak, is the organization into whose hands the Communist Party has given the work of recruiting the youth of the country—by methods some of which we have just seen—into the army of Russian spies in the United States. The declaration of principles and bylaws of the League states unequivocally:

"The Young Communist League gives its support to the first land of Socialism—the Soviet Union."

The organization numbers among its members social workers, union leaders, college students of both sexes and colors, Boy Scout leaders, etc. Y. C. L. members are usually to be found in the forefront of agitations leading to strikes and in the violence often attending them. They were especially active in Detroit, Gastonia, western Pennsylvania, and Kentucky. Harry Simms, a Y. C. L. leader, was shot down in the Kentucky coal strike; Joe York, another Y. C. L. agitator, was killed in the famous "hunger march" in Dearborn.

BUT it is as an instrument of infiltration into what we Communists call "front organizations" that the Y. C. L. does its most efficient work.

We have already seen how its ambassadors go after the youngsters in our schools and colleges. While these field workers are plying their trade, the big-shot proselytizers are aiding in the formation and maintenance of such outwardly harmless organizations as the National Student Union, the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the gradual infiltration into certain branches of the two Ys, the control of the Southern Negro Youth Congress, the National Negro Congress, and, above all, the organization specifically referred to by our young woman orator, the American Youth Congress.

Watch for further astonishing disclosures by Comrade X. Coming in an early issue!

"It is the job of the Y. C. L.," she said, "to build the American Youth Congress."

That the Y. C. L. has not shirked this job is self-evident.

The first meeting of the American Youth Congress was held at New York University in August, 1934. At the 1936 Congress in Cleveland, announcement was made that the Congress represented no fewer than 1,650,000 American youth.

It would take a book to tell you about all the activities of the Young Communist League. It would break your heart to read some of the resolutions adopted by branches of some patriotic and sectarian bodies, compare them with similar resolutions adopted by admittedly subversive Communist organizations, and realize that they were the products of the same alien minds and pens.

But we must hurry on to see what American Stalinists are doing to the grown-ups—and, believe me, it is plenty!

THE END

# NEXT WEEK

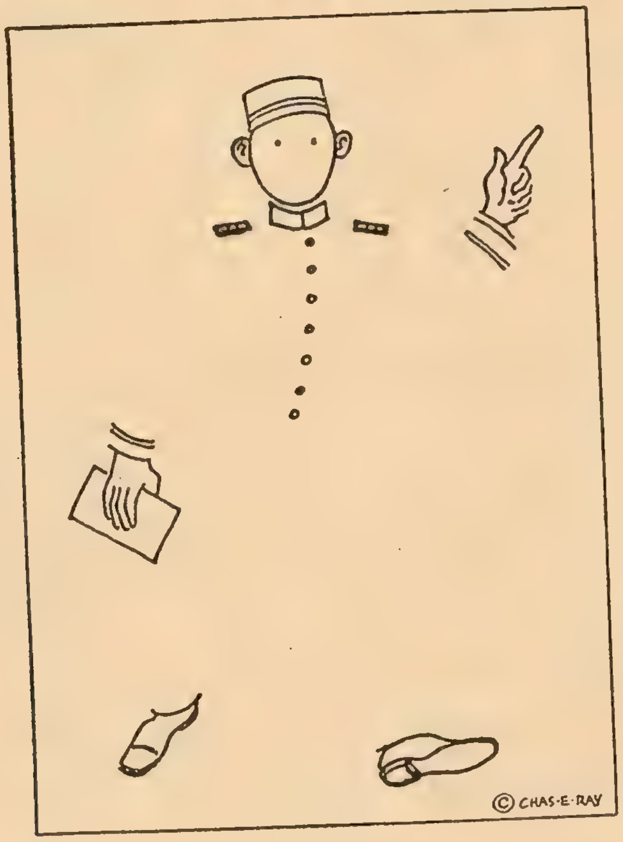
## Liberty will present a new contest every one can enter and any one can win!

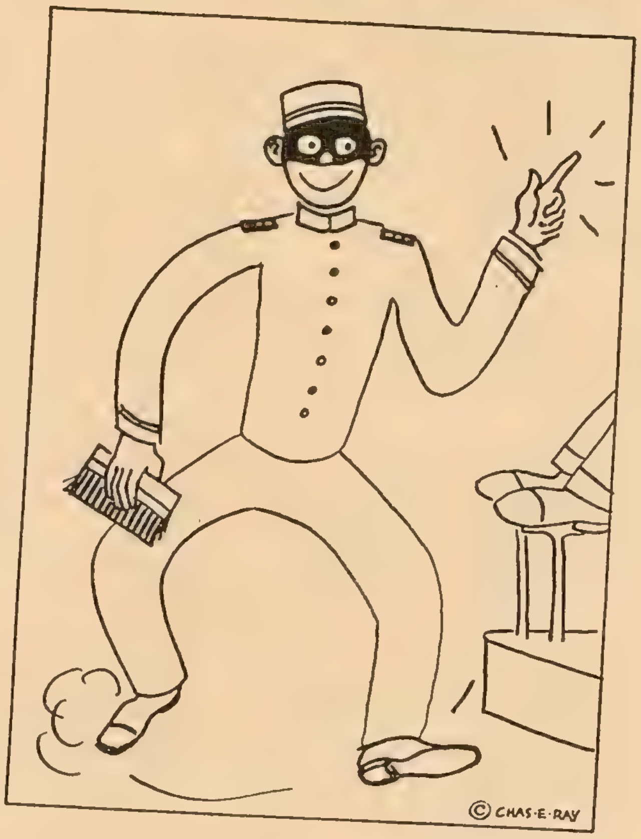
***No artistic skill or training is needed to capture the cash prizes in this game***

# FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## will pay $2,000 in big cash awards



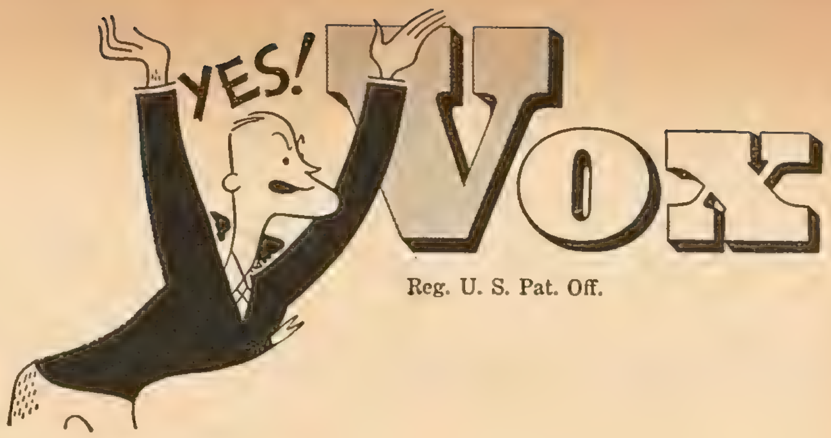


MEN, women, boys, girls, every one will have a chance to share in the prizes for the best entries in Liberty's Funny Fill-In game. The outlines of cartoons will be supplied. You are going to fill in the few lines necessary to complete the drawings into funny, outlandish, or " goofy " pictures according to your own ideas. No special knack of drawing will be required. In fact, the funniest results may be obtained by people with the least ability in sketching.

Copyright, 1939, by Chas. E. Ray

Rules, prize schedule, and instructions will be announced next week, together with the first Funny Fill-In outline. Don't miss them!

Above is a sample outline and a completed version supplied to show you how the contest will work. Undoubtedly you can fill in this drawing into a much more amusing result. Why not try it? This is not a contest fill-in. It is only a sample. The actual contest begins next week in Liberty!


YES!
VOX
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## WHAT ORGANIZED MEDICINE REALLY MEANS

New York, N. Y.—Far from victimizing the public (*vide* Medical Mussolini, June 3 Vox Pop), the American Medical Association has done more to safeguard the health of Mr. Average Citizen than any other type of organization that ever existed. In spite of the criticisms aimed against it (and it has its faults), I'd hate to think where we would be today, medically speaking, if it were not for this close-knit organization.

I am a great believer in organized medicine.

I am a great believer in the great good the American Medical Association has done during the past twenty or more years.

I am saying this in spite of the fact that I have been hauled up on the carpet of my County Medical Society about as often as any other member because I won't always follow the rules. I don't want to go into details. I don't want to crab by saying that I resented the fact that I wasn't understood. It happens that many of the things that I was criticized for have become a part of medical ethics; but that is a matter of evolution and is no different than the liberal attitude of the government toward many things that were considered taboo some years ago.

If I have been so irritated at times, why am I so wholeheartedly in favor of organized medicine? Because it, represented by the American Medical Association and its constituent bodies, the county societies, has done more to raise the standard of medical education, has done more to improve hospital facilities, has done more for better scientific medicine, has done more to make doctors appreciate their responsibility to the public than any other organization in medicine that has ever been created.

The chief criticism I have against organized medicine is that it has done too much for the public.

I have been more irritated at what organized medicine hasn't done than at what it has done.

But what are we going to say about organized medicine being a medical trust and throttling its members so that they cannot voice an independent opinion? Perhaps there is some truth in these statements, but I venture to say that the majority of the members of the American Medical Association don't mind being throttled because they believe it is for the universal good. As I have been cited before the Committee on Ethics of my county society a great many times (and always have been given a fair hearing), perhaps I am in a better position than most doctors to comment upon this "throttling" business.

I fear the American Medical Association hasn't brought its problems before the public the way it should have—at least, not with sufficient force to make the proper impression or else there would not be so many attacks against it. If it has condemned socialized medicine or state medicine, it has done so more among medical men than in the newspapers and magazines.

Frederick Lewis' article (March 4 Liberty) speaks about different forms of organized medical practice, group practice under doctors and various types of medical practice under lay supervision. The American Medical Association not only has no criticism of such efforts but is supervising some of them and is co-operating with county medical societies to make tentative schemes successful. What the American Medical Association has resented is the formation of independent groups of lay people into health units over which there is not proper medical supervision and where free choice of physician is a negative quantity.

Maybe many people, unfortunately, will be influenced by Mr. Lewis' article. I hope not. They will realize what organized medicine really means when and if organized medicine loses its control.—*Harold Hays, M. D.*

## MOST THRILLING SIGHT

Colwyn, Pa.—I wonder if any reader of Liberty ever witnessed a more thrilling sight than the following:

While strolling along a city street I stopped at a wide alley to watch work on a skyscraper. Two great beams, lashed together with a stout rope, were being hauled to the top of the building. While in mid-air a young man drove a light truck into the alley. When the truck was just beneath the suspended beams, the rope broke and the beams dashed to earth, crashing through the bottom of the truck immediately behind the seat on which the young man was crouched in terror, just escaping a horrible death by only a few inches.

My! But was that a thrill? —*Fred A. Lucas.*

## HITLER AND LINCOLN

West Palm Beach, Fla.—John Bunyan Atkins (March 18 Vox Pop) dares compare Hitler with the beloved Abraham Lincoln!

Hitler the beast . . . Hitler, who tortures and kills men, women, and children because they happen to be born Jews or happen to be born Catholics. . . . Hitler, who tortures and kills men, women, and children of the Protestant faith because they do not believe in his brutal government. . . . Hitler, who drives old people from their homes into the wilderness to starve and die.

And he compares this dog with a kindly Christian gentleman like Lincoln! His comparison stinks with shame. And Liberty should be ashamed for having printed it.—*Ralph Cohn.*

## WHO IS THE BIGGEST SAP?

Versailles, Ky.—I have just read Mr. Pope's Thoroughbred (June 10 Liberty). Please give me the following information:

Who is the biggest sap—Walter Brooks for writing it, Liberty for publishing it, or I for reading it? It must be I, because Walter sold it to you, you sold it to me. But darned if I can get cents (certainly not sense) out of it!—*Mrs. F. W. Wilson.*

## HE'LL WADE RIGHT OUT!

Davenport, Ia.—So Noel Morton (June 10 Vox Pop) thinks we "tougher babies" are anxious to go out and defend his social security. Not on foreign ground, brother!

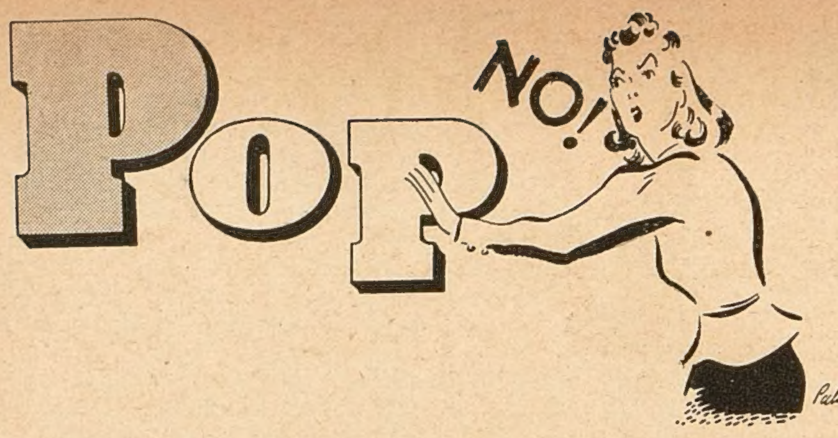
I'm twenty-eight and have been driving trucks for eight of those years. At the present time I'm juggling beer kegs and can hold my own with any of them; but I'll tell the cockeyed world that if Noel Morton or anybody else wants me to pack a gun, so that some fatheaded, paunch-bellied capitalist or dictator can grow fatter, he'll have to do a little nudging at my rear with a bayonet himself.

However, don't let those foreign babies start anything on our side of the puddle, 'cause I'll wade right out to meet them.—*Jack Stuart.*

## ANTIPODEAN APPRECIATION

Claudeland, N. Z.—I look forward to each American mail to see if a Liberty is in it for me. A lot of readers complain in Vox Pop, but, believe me, they should be way down here and they would appreciate you.

I had my Liberty in Canada, the United States, England, and Australia, and now here, so I reckon I am a regular reader.—*Victor O. Wheatley.*



## DIED SAVING HIS DOG

LAKEWOOD, R. I.—I bought my first copy of Liberty three years ago from the grandest little salesman Liberty ever had. He came in from the yard after a romp with his dog, and was I proud of him! Exceptionally good-looking that afternoon, eyes shining like stars, cheeks flushed, and hair that always bothered him because, being curly, it made him look like a sissy, he said.

Well, his sales talk on the merits of Liberty convinced me I had been missing a lot of good reading for a nickel, although I didn't have much time for reading, having a family of healthy boys. He was my baby, twelve years old.

He went on his route with his bag over his shoulder, and five minutes later we had to watch that smiling face turn blue before the Angel of Death took my precious one. In his efforts to save his dog from being shot by a boy of nine with a .22 rifle for a plaything, he was shot at the base of the brain.

The Libertys were stained with his life's blood, and that's why I shall always see a lovely smiling boy with a Liberty bag thrown over his shoulder on my Liberty cover . . . my son.—*Mrs. James Britcliffe.*

## " SURE CURES "

WATERLOO, IA.—For Pete's sake, please send me some of the " sure cures for asthma " you tell about in your April Vox Pop Score. I have been cursed with that hellish ailment for many years, and have tried everything, from soup to nuts. It has all proved to be " nuts."

Vox Pop always has been my favorite department of Liberty, and your " box score " is a grand addition to it, even if it does cost one or two letters in space.

Sending you a flock of post cards with a serial message is a sweet revenge for your serials! Wish I had thought of it first!

I like those " ghost-chasing " stories; let's have some more of them.

But why give Ambrose so much space, even if he *is* good? So are others.—*Mrs. C. L. Drake.*

[Sorry, Mrs. Drake, but we hardly think it would be ethical or wise for us to send our readers any of the " cures " that come to us. How do we know their worth? And, too, we recall that one man's meat is another man's poison.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

## GOOD IDEA!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mr. Macfadden's fearless editorials are read with interest and we admire his good common sense, but that is not why I am writing you. Liberty (March 18) has given Mr. Green his say, also Mr. Lewis (June 3 issue). Now why not complete the foursquare on the Wagner Labor Relations Act and have the manufacturers' side presented by some manufacturer employing from 600 to 1,000 men, and have a good writer with his feet on the ground present the side of the dear public?

The labor unions here on the Coast are now a big racket, with Dave Beck and Harry Bridges the dictators, and unless the situation is cleaned up from within, the public will clean it up from without by legislating the unions out.

Oregon has blazed the trail, and we have recently sent about a dozen of the union racketeers to San Quentin Prison from here.

More power to Mr. Macfadden's healthy pen point, and may his shadow never grow less!—*John Alva Bell.*

## NO BARB INTENDED—MERELY A PLEASANTRY

BURLINGAME, KAN.—I hope this will be taken, in no sense of the word, as a " crank " letter, but on behalf of the membership of G. Local 1742, Workers Alliance of America, I vigorously protest the cruel and needless barb thrust at WPA workers in Mr. Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle in June 3 Liberty, wherein he gives the definition " Organized Industrial Idlers " and the answer works out, " WPA."

I had hoped Liberty was big enough and broad enough not to make capital of or sarcastically ridicule another's misfortune. Because there may be some gold-brickers in several million unemployed is no reason to tar a big majority of good men with the same stick.—*George E. Taylor, Financial Secretary.*

## GOD'S BETTER ANSWER

ATLANTA, GA.—I note the Negro boy's idea of prayer as reported by Ray Burkett (June 3 Liberty). It is very simple and logical, but I think the following illustration explains better why some prayers are apparently unanswered: If you have dealt with mail-order houses to any extent you have no doubt at some time received a delivery slip with the notation, " We are out of the article ordered by you, so have given you a better article at the same price."

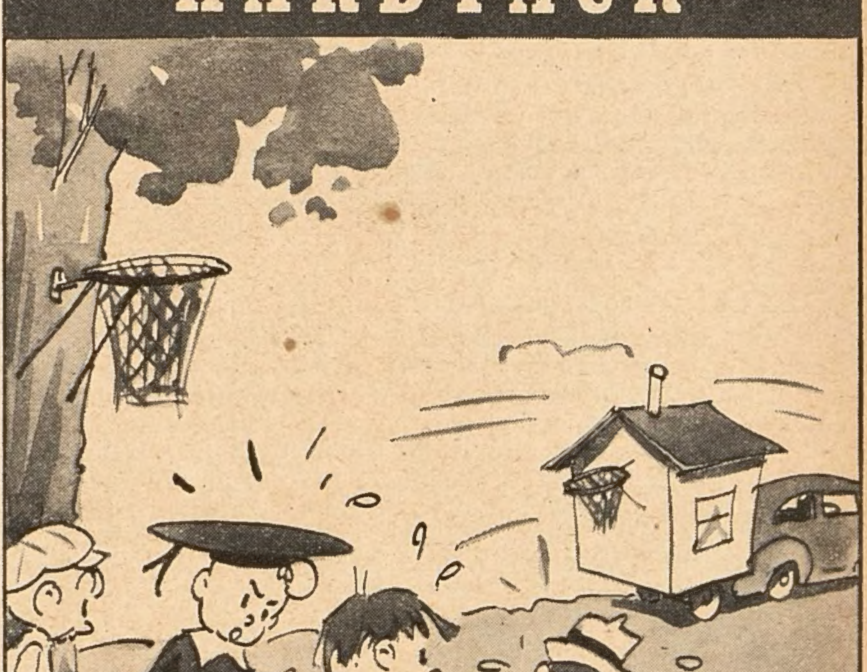
To grant your prayer request cannot always accord with the divine plan, but if not, you may be assured that you will receive something better " at the same price."—*J. H. Cordes.*

## BURN UP YOUR COLUMNS!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Most of your reader vs. reader controversies are packed with good solid entertainment. But why argue about politics and women right up to your last page? Let's keep our tongue more in our cheek.

I believe that nothing can become more heated than an argument about dance bands. So why not burn up your columns with some " swing letters "?—*Stephen J. Deviney.*

## "HARDTACK"



" I thought you said you tacked that basket on a shed! "

# Benjamin Franklin and the Jews

**FULTON OURSLER**
© George Maillard Kesslere

**IN HIS FAMOUS** book, Mein Kampf, Adolf Hitler wrote many things which now he must wish he had never been so unwise as to have put on paper. "Oh that mine adversary had written a book!" Here is a sample of Herr Hitler's injudicious frankness: "The German has no idea how much the people must be misled if the support of the masses is required." Is not this Hitler's confession of faith? He meant to gain the support of his people by misleading them, and he has succeeded in doing just that. Now, if witnesses before the Dies Committee are to be believed, he would also like to mislead the American people, and in this lugubrious undertaking his agents are busy following the tactics he tried at home. One method is the pernicious activity of trying to foment anti-Semitism in the United States by circulars, pamphlets, and whisperings into the ears of neighbors. No anti-Semitic propaganda has been more sedulously circulated than the tale that Benjamin Franklin warned America to get rid of its Jews. One encounters the story everywhere, together with a statement that the letter or document in which this warning appears, written in Franklin's handwriting, is in the files of a Philadelphia library.

**I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED** that the only way to deal with propaganda is to insist on a complete examination of any allegations. This is a question of fact. Did Franklin say such a thing, or did he not? That is the first thing to find out. To find it out, Mr. Frederick Lewis made a study, and next week he reports his findings to all liberals with common sense in an article entitled Benjamin Franklin and the Jews—A Lie Smashed. We believe we are performing a constructive service in publishing the results of this investigation. We believe that you will enjoy reading Mr. Lewis' article, as we fondly hope you will enjoy reading the entire issue, which includes three fine short stories, together with If War Comes, What Will Ireland Do? by George Bernard Shaw; Why Did They Let Him Go? an article about "Zeke" Bonura by Harry Danning; Head, Heart, Hands, Health, by Edward Doherty; I Had a Baby After Forty, by Mrs. John Killackey; Exploring America from Prison, by Frank Clay Cross; I Was a Communist, by Comrade X; and full installments of our current serials.

**GLEANINGS:** Virginia Sullivan Tomlinson, writing to explain why she is late with a short story which she had promised us, says: "I am so ashamed of myself that I can barely hiss the words—I have had the mumps. Of all romantic things, I recommend writing of love when the sides of your face look like two stuffed apples getting affectionate." You may remember that the last time Miss Tomlinson wrote us she had broken her wrist sitting in the lap of a streetcar passenger in San Francisco. . . . Ralph J. Hill of 53 South Horton Street, Dayton, Ohio, asks: "Would you say that Poe was absolutely fair, as far as the reader is concerned, in The Murders in the Rue Morgue? I refer to the trick window and the very unusual rusty nail, and also I wish to point out the fact that a reader might be disappointed when he found an animal to be the killer. Would you say that such devices would be permitted in the present-day mystery story or play?" . . . As an old practitioner of the fine and difficult art of detective-story writing, I cannot bring myself to utter one word of criticism against the Master. The Murders in the Rue Morgue was the first real detective story ever to be written, and naturally the technique was improved, not only by Poe's successors but by Poe himself, in subsequent stories. Still, I do not think these devices are impossible in a modern detective story. More important—a story, or any other work of art, is great not because of the absence of defects but because of the presence of merits. The Murders in the Rue Morgue is a masterpiece of storytelling, unequaled by any of Poe's ten thousand imitators.

**FOR OUR LITTLE** Can Such Things Be? symposium, Gladys M. Bates of San Marcos, California, tells us that a free appendicitis operation was offered as a prize to the lucky person naming the new hospital at Morgantown, West Virginia. And from W. B. McCloskey, a patient in the De Paul Hospital in St. Louis, a comment: "We have a surplus of cotton in the United States, yet we are making paper out of trees, whereas early papermakers made fine paper from waste cotton rags." . . . And from Charles S. Allen of Beaufort, South Carolina, the following invitation: "Sometime when you feel that you don't want to see another manuscript, and that all that is needed for a murderous onslaught on every one in sight is a letter from an author, hop on a plane and fly down to Charleston (wiring me in advance), and I will meet you there and bring you here to the quietest and most peaceful and leisurely place in the United States, set aside by the Creator as a haven for overworked editors. I won't say anything about the fish—if I told you about the size of some of them you would say I was the biggest liar ever—you have to see 'em to believe 'em. Bob Ripley could get enough material here for his column for a month. For instance, the planter who rode horseback into the bank to get a check cashed—too tired to alight and mount again. Then there was the other citizen who talked all day and all night because he was 'too danged lazy to stop himself.'"

**WELL, I APPRECIATE** the invitation. Evidently Mr. Allen thinks I live in Times Square, and never know the peace of rural joys and quaint characters. He is very much mistaken. I live and work on America's last frontier, by the edge of the sea, in a region where there are no billboards, no bus lines, two trains a day, and where the natives look with mild wonder at the antics of city folk. They don't like city folk, either. One New York family settled there, and after ten years found they were still regarded as outsiders. The head of the family spoke to the head selectman about it one day. "After all," he said, "my son was born in this town. That makes him a native, anyway." But the selectman shook his head. "No, it don't," he said. "A cat can have kittens in the oven, but it don't make them biscuits."

☆

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**
**FULTON OURSLER.**

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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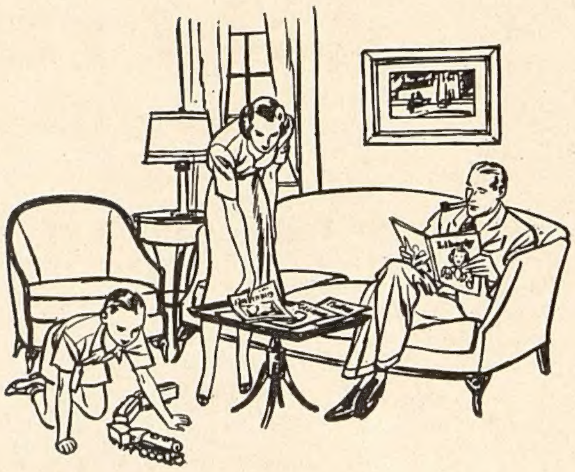
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

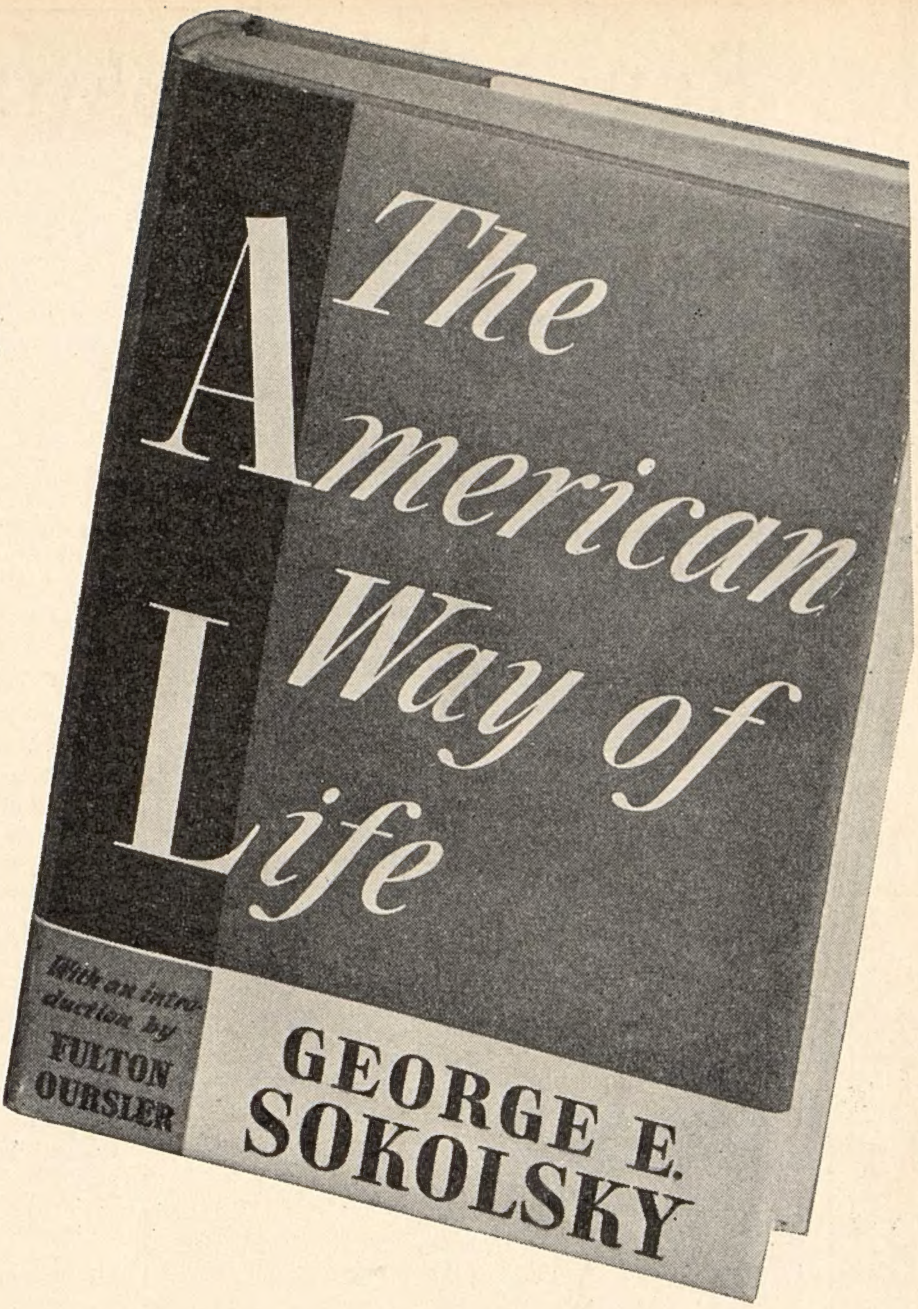
COVER BY GUY HOFF

WHY DO AMERICANS ENJOY THE

# Highest Standard of Living

IN THE WORLD?




The American Way of Life
With an introduction by FULTON OURSLER
GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

AMERICANS own twice as many cars, telephones, and radios as any other people in the world. We use twice as much silk, oil and rubber as all other countries combined. Our wages are higher, our working hours shorter. We enjoy considerably more comforts and conveniences.

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